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*Oxford. B.H.*

# PLEASANT CONCEITED CO-

medy, wherein is shewed, how  
a man may choose a good wife  
from a bad.

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*As it hath beene sundry times acted  
by the Earle of Worcesters  
Seruants.*

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LONDON.

Printed by J. N. and are to be sold by Hugh Perrie, at  
his shoppe at the signe of the Harrow, in  
Britains burse. 1630.

1892

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# A plesant conceited

Comedy, wherein is shewed, how  
a man may chuse a good wife from  
a bad.

*Enter (as upon the Exchange) young Master Arthur,  
and Master Lufam.*


ARTHUR.

 Tell you true sir but to euery man  
I would not be so lauish of my speech:  
Onely to you my deare and priuate friend,  
Although my Wife in euery eye, be held  
Of beauty and of grace sufficient,  
Of honest birth and good behauiour,  
Able to winne the strongest thoughts to her:  
Yet in my minde, I hold her the most hated.  
And lothed object, that the world can yeeld.

*Luf.* Oh *M. Arthur*, beare a better thought  
Of your chaste wife, whose modesty hath wonne  
The good opinion and report of all:  
By heauen you wrong her beautie, she, is faire.

*Ar.* Not in mine eye.

*Lu.* O, you are cloied with dainteis *M. Arthur*,  
And too much sweetnesse glutted hath your taste  
And make you loath them: at the first,  
You did admire her beautie, prais'd her face.  
Were proud to haue her follow at your heeles.  
Through the broad streets when all censuring tongues

*No with  
But full off  
Truth*  


*A pleasant conceited Comedy,*

Found themselves busied as she pass'd along,  
To extoll her in the hearing of you both :  
Tell me I pray you and dissemble not,  
Have you not in the time of your first loue,  
H g'd such new popular and vulgar talke,  
And glorified it, to see her bravely deck'd ?  
But now a kind of loathing hath quite chang'de  
Your shape of loue, into a forme of hate,  
But on what reason ground you this hate ?

*Ar.* My reason is my mind ; my ground my will,  
I will not love her, if you aske me why,  
I cannot love her, least that answere you.

*Lu.* Be iudge all eyes, her face deterues it not :  
Then on what rooke growes this high branch of hate ?  
Is she not loyall, constant, loving, chaste,  
Obedient, apt to please, or h to displease,  
Carefull to li e, chary of her good name,  
And iealous of your reputation ?  
Is she not vertuous, wise, religious ?  
How should you wrong her to deny all this ?  
Good M. *Arthur*, let me argue with you.

*They walke and talke,*

*Enter walking and talking M. Anselm,  
and M. Fuller.*

*Ful.* Oh M. Anselm, growne a ouer ! sic,  
What might she be, on whom your hopes relie ?  
*Anf.* What fooles they are that seemes most wise in loue  
How wise they are that are but fooles in loue,  
Before I was a loue, I had reason  
To iudge of matters, censure of all sorts :  
Nay, I had wit to call a loue foole,  
And looke into his folly with vpright eyes ;  
But now intruding loue dwels in my braine,  
And frantickly hath shouldred reason thence,  
I am not old and yet a lasse I doate :  
I haue not lost my sight and yet am blinde,



*how to choose a good Wife from a bad.*

No bond-man, yet haue lost my liberty,  
No naturall foole and yet I want my wit.  
What am I then? let me define my selfe,  
A doater young, a blind-man that can see,  
A witty foole, a bond-man that is free.

*Ful.* Good aged youth, blind seer, and wise foole,  
Loose your free bonds, and set your thoughts to schoole.

*Enter Old M. Arthur and old M. Lufam.*

*Old Ar.* Tis told me *M. Lufam*, that my sonne  
And your chaste daughter whom we matcht together  
Wrange and fall at odds, and brawle, and chide.

*Old Lu.* Nay, I thinke so, I neuer lookt for better.  
This tisto marry children when they are young,  
I said as much at first, that such young brats  
Would gree together euen like dogs and cats.

*Old Ar.* Nay, pray you *M. Lufam*, say not so, (young.  
There was greate hope, though they were matcht but  
Their vertues would haue made them simpathise,  
And liue together like two quiet Saints.

*Old Lu.* You say true there was great hope indeed  
They would haue liu'd like Saints, but wher's the fault?

*Old Ar.* If same be true, the most fault's in my sonne.

*Old Lu.* You say true *M. Arthur*, tis so indeed.

*Old Ar.* I doe not altogether excuse  
Your daughter, many lay the blame on her.

*Old Lu.* Ha, say you so, bith-masse like enough,  
For from her child-hood she hath beene a shrew.

*Old Ar.* A shrew, you wrong her, all the towne admires  
For mildnesse, chaste nesse, and humility. (her

*Old Lu.* Fore God you say well, she is so indeed  
The Citty doth admire her for these vertues.

*Old Ar.* O sir, you praise your child to palpably,  
Shees milde and chaste, but not admir'd so much.

*Old Lu.* I to I say, I did not meane admir'd.

*Old Ar.* Yes, if a man do well consider her,  
Your daughter is the wonder of her sexe,

*A pleasant conceited Comedy,*

*Old Lu.* Are you aduise of that, I cannot tell  
What tis you call the wonder of her sexe,  
But she is, is she, I indeed she is.

*Old Ar.* What is she?

*Old Lu.* Euen what you will, you know best what she is

*Ans.* You is her husband let vs leaue this walke,  
How full are bad thoughts of suspicion,  
I loue, but loath my selfe for louing so,  
Yet cannot change my disposition.

*Ful. Medice, cura te ipsum.*

*Ans.* *Hei mihi quod mellis amor est medicabilis herbis.*

*To. Ar.* All your persuasions are to no effect.

Neuer alledge her vertues, nor her beauty,  
My ferled vnkindnesse hath begot  
A resolution to be vnkind still.  
My raging pleasures loue variety.

*Yon. Lu.* Oh too vnkinde vnto so kinde a wife,  
Too vertuelesse to one so verriuous,  
And too vchast, vnto so chast a matron.

*Yon. Ar.* But soft sir, see where my two fathers are  
Busily talking, let vs shrinke aside,  
For if they see me they are bent to chide.

*Exeunt.*

*Old Ar.* I thinke tis best to goe straight to the house,  
And make them friends againe: what thinke you sir?

*Old Lu.* I thinke so too.

*Old Ar.* Now I remember too, thats not so good,  
For diuers reasons I thinke best stay here,  
And leaue them to their wrangling, what thinke you?

*Old Lu.* I thinke so too.

*Old Ar.* Nay we will goe, that's certaine. (to goe.)

*Old Lu.* It is best, tis best in sooth: ther's no way but

*Old Ar.* Yet if our going should breed more vnreit,  
More discord, more dissension, more debate,  
More wrangling where there is enough already,  
Twere better stay then goe.

*Old*

*how to choose a good wife from a bad,*

*Old Lu.* Fore God tis true,

Our going may perhaps breed more debate,  
And then we may too late With we had said:  
And therefore if you will be rul'd by me,  
We will not go, that's flat: Nay if we loue  
Our credits, or our quiet, lets not goe.

*Old Ar.* But if we loue their credits, or their quiet, we  
And reconcile them to their former loue: (must goe  
Where there is strife betwixt man and wife tis heil,  
And mutuall loue may be compaide to heauen:  
For then their soules and spirits are at peace.

Come *M. Lufam* now tis dinner time,  
When we haue dinde, the first Worke we will make,  
Is to decide their iarres for pitty sake.

*Old Lu.* Well fare a good heart, yet are you aduise,  
Goe, said you *M. Arthur*? I will rune,  
To end these broyles that discord hath begunne.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter mistresse Arthur, and her man Pipkin.*

*Mi. Ar.* Come hither *Pipkin*, how chance thou treads so

*Pip.* For teare of breaking mistresse. (softly.

*Mi. Ar.* Art thou afraid of breaking, howsoe?

*Pip.* Can you blame me mistres, I am crackt already.

*Mi.* Crackt *Pipkin*, how, hath any crackt your crowne?

*Pi.* No mistres, I thanke God my crowne is currant, (but.

*Mi. Ar.* But, what?

*Pip.* The maide gaue mee not my supper yester night,  
so that indeed my belly wambled, and standing neare  
the great sea-cole fire in the hall, and not being full, on  
the sodaine I crackt, and you know mistres a Pipkin is  
soone brolen.

*Mi. Ar.* Sirra, run to the Exchange, and if you there  
Can find my husband, pray him to come home,  
Tell him I will not eate a bit of bread  
Vntill I see him: prethee *Pipkin* runne.

B

*Pip.*

*A pleasant conceited Comedi,*

*Pip.* But Lady mistris, if I should tell him so, it may be he would not come, were it for no other cause but to saue charges, ile rather tel him, if he come not quickly, you will eate vp all the meate in the house, and then if he be of my stomacke, he will runne euery foot, and make the more hast to dinner.

*Mi. Ar.* I, thou maist iest, my heart is not so light,  
It can digest the least conceit of ioy;  
Intreat him fairely, though I thinke he loues  
All places worse that he beholds me in,  
Wilt thou be gone?

*Pip.* Whither mistris, to the Change?

*Mi. Ar.* I, to the Change.

*Pip.* I will mistris, hoping my *M.* will go so oft to the Change, that as length he will change his mind, and vse you more kindly, Oh it ware braue if my master could meat with a Marchant of ill ventures to bargain with him for his bad conditions, and he sell them outright, you should haue a quieter heart, and we all a quieter house: but hoping mistris you will passe ouer all these iarres and squabbles in good health, as my master was at the making hereof, I commit you.

*Mis. Ar.* Make hast againe I prethee, till I see him  
My heart will neuer beate rest within mee.  
My husband hath of late so much estranged  
His words, his deeds, his heart from me,  
That I can seldome haue his company:  
And euen that seldome, with such discontent,  
Such frownes, such chidings. such impatience:  
That did not truth and vertue arme my thoughts,  
They would confound me with despaire and hate.  
And make me runne into extremities.  
Had I deseru'd the least bad looke from him,  
I should account my selfe too bad to liue:  
But honouring him in loue and chastity,  
All indgements censure freely of my Wrongs.

*Enter*

*how to choose a good Wife from a bad.*

*Enter young Arthur, Master Lusam, Pipkin.*

*Ton. Ar. Pipkin*, what said she when she sent for me?

*Pip.* Faith master she said little, but she thought more,  
For she was very melancholly.

*Ton Ar.* Did I not tel you she was melancholly  
For nothing else but that she sent for me,  
And fearing I would come to dine with her.

*Ton. Lu.* O you mistake her, euen vpon my soule  
I durst affirme you wrong her chastity,  
See where she doth attend your coming home.

*Mi. Ar.* Come master *Arthur*, shall we in to dinner?  
Sirra be gone, and see it seru'd in.

*Ton. Lu.* Will you not speake vnto her?

*Ton. Ar.* No not I, will you goe in sir?

*Mi. Ar.* Not speake to me, not once looke towards  
It is my duty to begin I know, (me?)  
And I will breake this ice of curtesie,  
You are welcome home sir.

*Ton. Ar.* Harke *M. Lusam* if she mocke me not:  
You are welcome home sir, am I well come home,  
Good faith I care not if I be or no.

*Tong. Lu.* Thus you misconstrue all things *M. Arthur*,  
Looke if her true loue melt not into teares.

*Tong. Ar.* She weepes, but why? that I am come so  
To hinder her of some appoynted guests, (soone,  
That in my absence reuels in my house:  
She weepes to see me in her companie;  
And were I absent, she would laugh with ioy:  
She weepes to make me wearie of the house;  
Knowing my heart cannot a way with griefe.

*Mi. Ar.* Knew I that mirth would make you loue my  
I would enforce my heart to be more merrie. (bed,

*Ton. Ar.* Do you not heare? she would inforce her  
All mirth is forc'd that she can make with me, (heart,  
*To. Lu.* O mis-conceit, how bitter is thy taste!

Sweet *M. Arthurr*, Mistrisse *Arthur* too,

*A pleasant conceited Comedy,*

Let me intreat you reconcile these iarres,  
Odious to heaven, and most abhor'd of men.

*Mr. Ar.* You are a stranger sir, but by your words  
You do appeare and honest Gentleman:  
If you professe to be my husbands friend,  
Persist in these perswasions and be iudge  
With all indifference, in these discontents.  
Sweet husband, If I be not faire enough  
To please your eye, range where you list abroad,  
Onely at coming home speake me but faire:  
If you delight to change, change when you please,  
So that you will not change your loue to me:  
If you delight to see me drudge and toyle,  
He be your drudge because tis your delight:  
Or if you thinke me vnworthy of the name  
Of your chaste wife, I will become your maide,  
Your slaue, your seruant, any thing you will  
If for that name of seruant, and of slaue,  
You will but smile vpon me now and then:  
Or if, as well I thinke you cannot loue me,  
Loue where you list onely but say you loue me:  
He feed on shadowes let the substance goe,  
Will you deny me such a small request?  
What, will you neither loue nor flatter me?  
O, then I see your hate here doth but wound me,  
And with that hate, it is your frownes confound me.

*To. Lu.* Wonder of women: why harke you *M. Arthur*  
What is your wife a woman or a Saint,  
A wife, or some bright Angell come from heaven?  
Are you not mou'd at this strange spectacle?  
This day I haue beheld a miracle.  
When I attempt this sacred nuptiall life,  
I beg of heaven to find me such a wife.

*Tonng Ar.* Ha, ha, a miracle, a Progedy,  
To see a woman weepe is as much pittie,  
As to see foxes dig'd out of their holes:

*how to choofe a good wife from a bad.*

If thou wilt pleasure me, let me see thee lesse,  
Griue much: they say griefe often shortens life,  
Come not to neere me till I call thee wife:  
And that will be but feidome. I will tell thee  
How thou shalt winne, my heart die sodainely,  
And ile become a lusty widdower:  
The longer thy life lasts, the more my hate  
And loathing itill encreaseth towards thee,  
When I come home and find thee cold as earth,  
Then will I loue thee. Thus thou know'st my minde.  
Come *M. Lusam*, let vs in to dine. *Exeunt.*

*Tonug. Lu.* O sir, you too much affect this euill:  
Poore saint, why wert thou yoakt thus with a diuell? *Exit.*

*Mi. Ar.* If thou wilt win my heart, dye sodainely,  
But that my soule was bought at such a rate,  
At such a high price as my Saviours bloud,  
I would not sticke to loofe it with a stab  
But vertue banish all such fantasies,  
He is my husband, and I loue him well,  
Next to my owne soules hea th I tender him,  
And would giue all the pleasures of the world  
To buy his loue, if I might purchase it,  
Ile follow him, and like a seruant wait,  
And strue by all meanes to preuent his hate. *Exit.*

*Enter old Arthur, and old Lusam.*

*Old Ar.* This is my sonnes house, were it best go in?  
How say you master *Lusam*?

*Old Lu.* How, goe in, how say you sir?

*Old Ar.* I say 'tis best.

*Old Lu.* I sir, say you so? so say I too.

*Old Ar.* Nay, nay, 'tis not best, ile tell you why,  
Happly the fire of hate is quite extinct,  
From the dead embers, now to take them vp,  
Should the least sparke of discontent appeare,  
To make the flame of hatred burne afresh,



*A pleasant conceited Comedy,*

The heat of this diffention might scorch vs,  
Which in his owne cold ashes smothered vp,  
May dye in silence, and reuiue no more.  
And therefore tell me, is it best or no?

*Old Lu.* How say you sir?

*Old Ar.* I say it is not best

*Old Lu.* Masse you say well sir and so say I too.

*Old Ar.* But shall we loose our labour to come hither  
And without sight of our two children.

Goe backe againe? nay we will in, that's sure.

*Old Lu.* In quotha, doe you make a doubt of that,  
Shall we come thus farre, and in such post, hast,  
And haue our children here, and both within,  
And not behold them ere our backe returne?

It were vnfriendly, and vnfatherly:

Come *M, Arthur* pray you follow me.

*Old Ar.* Nay, but harke you sir, will you not knocke?

*Old Lu.* Is't best or knocke?

*Old Ar.* I. knocke in any case.

*Old Lu.* Twas well you put it in mind to knocke?

I had forgotten it else I promise you.

(doore,

*Old Ar.* Tush, ist not my sonnes and your daughters  
And shall we two stand knocking? Leade the way.

*Old Lu.* Knocke at our childrens dores, that were a iest,  
Are we such fooles to make our selues so strange,  
Where we should still be boldest? in for shame,  
We will not stand vpon such ceremonies.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Anselme and Fuller.*

*Ful.* Speake, in what kew sir do you find your heart.  
Now thou hast slept a litle on thy loue?

*Ans.* Like one that struiues to shun a little plash  
Of shallow water, and auoiding it,  
Plunge into a riuer past his depth.

Like one that from a small sparke steps aside,  
And fals in head long to a greater flame.

*Ful.* But in such fires scorch not thy selfe for shame:



*how to chouse a good wife from a bad.*

If she be fire, thou art so far from burning,  
That thou hast scarce yet warmed thee at her face :  
But list to me, ile turne thy heart from loue,  
And make thee loath all of the feminine sex.  
They that haue knowne me, knew me once of name  
To be a perfect wencher I haue tride,  
All sorts, all sects, all state and find them still  
Inconstant, fickle, alwayes variable,  
Attend me man, I will prescribe a method,  
How thou shalt win her without all peradventure.

*Ans.* That would I gladly heare.

*Ful.* I was once like thee,  
A figher, melancholie, humorist,  
Crosser of armes, a goer without garters,  
A hat-band harer and a buske point wearer,  
One that did vse much bracelets, made of haire,  
Rings on my fingers, iewels in mine eares:  
And now and then a wenches Carkanet,  
That had two letters for her name in pearle;  
Scrasts garters, bands, wrought wait-coats, Gold stitche  
A thousand of these female fooleries, (caps,  
But when I lookt into the glasse of reason, strait I began  
To loath that female brauery, and henceforth  
Study to craue peccani to the world.

*Ans.* I pray you to your former argument,  
Prescribe a meanes to win my best belou'd.

*Ful.* First be not bashfull, bar all blushing tricks,  
Be not to apish female, doe not come  
With foolish Sonets to present her with  
With legs, with curtesies, congies and such like  
Nor with pend speeces, or too farre fetcht sights,  
I hate such antique quaint formality.

*Ans.* O but I cannot watch occasion,  
She dashes euery proffer with a frowne,

*Ful.* A frowne a foole thou afraid of frownes?  
He that will leaue occasion for a frowne,

*A pleasant conceited Comedy,*

Were! his Iudge (all you his case bemone)  
His doome should be, euer to lie alone.

*Ans.* I cannot chuse, but when the wench saies nay  
To take her at her word, and leaue my sute.

*Full.* Continue that opinion and be sure,  
To die a virgin chaste, a maiden pure,  
It was my chance once in my wanton daies,  
To court a wench harke and ile tell thee how,  
I came vnto my loue, and she lookt coy,  
I spake vnto my loue, she turnd aside,  
I toucht my loue, and gan with her to toy,  
But she sate mute for anger, or for pride;  
I itt iud and kiist my loue, she cride away,  
Thou wouldst haue left her thus, I made her stay.  
I catcht my loue, and wrung her by the hand,  
I tooke my loue, and set her on my knee,  
And puld her to me, O you spoyle my hand,  
You hurt me sir, pray let me goe quoth she,  
I am glad quoth I, that you haue found your tongue,  
And ittill my loue I by the fingers wrung:  
I askt her if she loued me, she said no,  
I bad her sweare, she straight cals for a booke,  
Nay then thought I, tis time to let her go,  
I easde my knee, and from her cast a looke,  
She left me wondring at these strange assures,  
And like a winde she trips me vp the staires,  
I left the roome be ow, and vp I went  
Finding her throwne vpon her wanton bed,  
I askt the cause of her sad discontent,  
Further she lies, and making roome she sed,  
Now sweetening kisse me, haueing time and place,  
So clings me to her with a sweete embrace.  
*Ans.* Ift possible, I had not thought it now  
That women could dissemble. *M. Fuller.*  
Heere dwells the sacred mistress of my heart,  
Before her dore lie frame a friuolous walke,

*how to choofe a good Wife from a bad.*

And spying her, with her deuife fome talke.

*Enter as out of the house, M. Arthur, mistresse Arthur, old Arthur, old Lusam, young Lusam Pipkin and the rest.*

*Ful.* What stir is this, lets step but out the way,  
And heare the vtmost what these people say.

*Ola Ar.* Thou art a knaue, although thou be my son,  
Haue I with care and trouble brought thee vp,  
To be a staffe and comfort to my age,  
A piller to support me and a crutch  
To lean one in my second infancy,  
An doost thou vte me thus? Thou art a knaue.

*Old Lu.* A knaue, I marry, and an arrant knaue:  
And sira, by old matter Arthurs leaue  
Though I be weake and old, ile proue thee one.

*Young Ar.* Sir, though it be my fathers pleasure thus  
To wrong me with the scorned name of knaue  
I will not haue you so familiar,  
Nor to presume vpon my patience.

*Old Lu.* Speake *M. Arthur*, is he not a knaue?

*Old Ar.* I say he is a knaue.

*Old Lu.* Then so say I.

*Yon. Ar.* My father may command my pacience;  
But you sir, that are but my father in law,  
Shall not so mocke my reputation,  
Sir, you shall finde I am an honest man.

*Old Lu.* An honest man!

*Yon. Ar.* I sir, so I say.

*Old Lu.* Nay, if you say so, ile not be against it:  
But sir you might haue vsd my daughter better,  
Then to haue beat her, spurnd her, raid at her  
Before our faces.

*Old Ar.* I therein Sonne Arthur  
Thou shewdst thy selfe no better then a knaue.

*Old Lu.* Marry did he, I will stand to it,

*A pleasant conceited Comedy,*

To vse my honest daughter in such sort,  
He shew'd himselfe no better then a knaue.

*Yong. Ar.* I say againe I am an honest man,  
He wrongs me that shall say the contrary.

*Old Lu.* I grant sir that you are an honest man,  
Nor will I say vnto the contrary.

But wherefore do ye vse my daughter thus?  
Canyou accuse her of vnchastity,  
Of loose demeanour, disobedience, or disloyalty?  
Speake, what canst thou object against my daughter?

*Old Ar.* Accuse her, here she stands, spit in her face,  
If she be guilty in the least of these.

*Mis. Ar.* O father be more patient, if you wrong  
My honest husband, all the blame be mine,  
Because you doe it onely for my sake,  
I am his handmaide since it is his pleasure  
To vse me thus, I am content therewith,  
And beare his checkes and crosses patiently.

*Yong Ar.* If in mine owne house I can haue no place,  
He seeke it else-where, and frequent it lesse.  
Father, I am now past one and twenty yeares,  
I am past my mothers pampring, I sucke not,  
Nor am I dandled on my mothers knee:  
Then if you were my father twenty times,  
You should not chuse but let me be my selfe.  
Do I come home so seldome, and that seldome  
Am I thus baird, wife, remember this,  
Father farewell, and father in law adue:  
Your son had rather fast then feast with you.

*Exit.*

*Old Ar.* Well, go to wild oars, spend thrift prodigall,  
He crosse thy name quite from my reckning booke:  
For these accounts, saith it shall scath thee somewhat,  
I will not say what, somewhat it shall be.

*Old Lu.* And it shall scath him somewhat of my purse,  
And daughter I will take thee home againe,  
Since thus he hates thy fellowship,

Be

*how to choose a good wife from a bad,*

Besuch an eye-fore to his eye no more,  
I tell thee, thou no more shall trouble him:

*Mis. Ar.* will you diuor ce whom God hath put together?  
Or breake that knot the sacred hand of heauen  
Made fast betwixt vs. Have you neuer heard  
What a great curse was laid vpon his head  
That breakes the holy band of marriage,  
Diuor sing husbands from their chosen wiues,  
Father I will not leaue my *Arthur* so,  
Nor all my friends can make me proue his foe,

*Old Ar.* I could say somewhat in my sons reproofe.

*Old Lu.* Faith so could I.

*Old Ar.* But till I meete him, I will let it passe.

*Old Lu.* Faith so will I.

*Old Ar.* Daughter farewell, with weeping eies I part  
Witnesse these teares, thy greefe sits neere my heart.

*Old Lu.* Weepe *M. Arthur*, nay then let me cry,  
His cheekes shall not be wet, and mine be dry. *Exeunt.*

*Mis. Ar.* Fathers farewell, spend not a teare for me,  
But for my husbands sake let those woes be,  
For when I weepe, 'tis not for my owne care,  
But feare, least folly bring him to dispaire.

*Ton. Lu.* Sweete Saint continue still this patience,  
For time will bring him to true penitence,  
Mirror of vertue thanks for my good cheere,  
A thousand thanks.

*Mis. Ar.* It is so much to deare :  
But you are welcome for my husbands sake,  
His guests shall haue the best welcome I can make. (anon  
*Ton. Lu.* Then marriage nothing in the world more com-  
Nothing more rare then such a vertuous woman. *Ex.*

*Mis. Ar.* My husband in his humor well I know  
Playes but the vnthrif : therefore it behoues me,  
To be the better huswife heere at home,  
To saue and get, whilst he doth laugh and spend,  
Though for himselfe he riots it at large,

*A pleasant conceited Comedi,*

My need'e shall defray my household charge.

*Ful.* Now maister Anselme to her, step not backe,  
Bustle your selfe, see where she sits at worke,  
Be not afraid man shee's but a woman,  
And women the most cowards feldome feare,  
Thinke but vpon my former principles,  
Twenty poundsto a dram you speed.

*Ans.* I, say you so?

*Ful.* Beware of blushing sirrah,  
Of feare and too much eloquence,  
Raile on her husband his misusing her,  
And make that serue thee as an argument,  
That she may sooner yeeld to doe him wrong :  
Were it my case, my loue and I to plead,  
I hau't at fingers ends, who could misse the clout,  
Hauing so faire a wit, such steady aime,  
This is the vpshot, now bid for the game.

*Ans.* Faire mistris, God saue you.

*Ful.* What a circumstance begins he with, what an *Ass*  
To tell her at the first that she was faire, (is he,  
The onely meanes to make her to be coy :  
He should haue rather tould her she was foule,  
And brought her out of loue quite with her selfe,  
And being so she would the lesse haue card,  
Vpon whose secrets she had laid her loue :  
He hath almost mard all with that word faire.

*Ans.* Mistris, God saue you.

*Ful.* What a blocke is that,  
To say, God saue you, is the fellow mad  
Once to name God in his vngodly sure?

*Mi. Ar.* Yare welcome sir, come you to speake with me,  
Or with my husband pray you whats your will?

*Ful.* She answeres to the purpose, whats your will?  
O! Zownes that I were there to answer her.

*Ans.* Mistris, my will is not so soone exprest,  
Without your speciall fauour, and the promise

*how to chouse a good wife from a bad.*

Of loue and pardon if I speake amisse.

*Ful.* Oaffe, O duns, O blockheade that hath left  
The plaine broad high way, and the readiest path  
Totrauell round about by circumstance,  
He might haue told his meaning in a word.  
And now hath lost his opportunity,  
Neuer was such a trewant in Loues schoole,  
I am ashamde that ere I was his tutor.

*Mi. Ar.* Sir, you may freely speake what ere it be,  
So that your speech suteth with modesty.

*Ful.* To this now could I answer passing well.

*Ans.* Mist is, I pittying that so faire a creature.

*Ful.* Still faire, and yet I warnd the contrary.

*Ans.* Should by a villaine be so fowly vsd as you haue beene

*Ful.* I, that was well put in,  
If time and place were both conuenient.

*Ans.* Haue made this bold intrusion to present  
My loue and seruice to your sacred selfe.

*Ful.* Indifferent, that was not much amis.

*Mis. Ar.* Sir, what you meane by seruice and by loue  
I will not know : but what you meane by villaine  
I saine would know.

*Ans.* That villaine is your husband,  
Whose wrongs towards you are bruted through the land  
O can you suffer at a peasants hands,  
Vnworthy once to touch this silken skinne,  
To be so rudely beate and buffeted ?  
Can you endure from such infectious breath,  
Able to blast your beauty, to haue names  
Of such impositions hate slung in your face ?

*Ful.* O that was good, nothing was good but that,  
That was the lesson that I taught him last.

*Ans.* O can you heare your neuer tainted fame  
Wounded with words of shame and infamy,  
O can see your pleasures dealt away,  
And you to be debarr'd all part of them,



*A pleasant conceited Comedy,*

And bury it in deepe obliuion?  
Shall your true right be still contributed,  
Mongst hungry bawds, insatiabie Curtisians?  
And can you leane that villaine by whose deed,  
Your soule doth sigh and your distressed heart bleed?

*Ful.* All this as well as I could wish my selfe,

*Mis. Ar.* Sir, I haue heard thus long with patience  
If it be me you terme a villains wife,  
Insooth you haue mistooke me all this while,  
And neither know my husband nor my selfe,  
Or else you know nor man and wife is one,  
If he be calde a villaine, what is she,  
Whose heart and oue, and soule is one with him?  
Tis pittie that so faire a Gentleman,  
Should fall in to such villaines company,  
Oh Sir, take heede, if you regard your life,  
Meddle nor with a villaine, or his wife.

*Exit.*

*Ful.* O that same word villaine hath marde all:

*An.* Now wher's your instruction? wher's the Wench  
Where are my hopes? where your directions?

*Ful.* Why man, in that word villaine you mar'd all:  
To come vnto an honest wife and call  
Her husband villaine, were she neuer so bad  
Thou mightst well thinke she would not brooke that name  
For her one credite, though no loue to him,  
But leaue not thus, but trie some other meane,  
Let not one way thy hopes make frustrate cleane.

*Ans.* I must persist my Loue against my will,  
He that knowes althings, knowes I proue this ill. *Exeunt*  
*Enter Aminadab with a rod in his hand, and ii. or iii. boyes*  
*with their bookes in their hands.*

*Ami.* Come boyes, come boyes: reherse your parts,  
And then *adprandium, iam iam incipe:*

*i Boy,* Forsooth my lesson's torne out of my booke.

*Ami.* *Que caceris Cartis deseruisse decet:*

Torne from your booke, ile teare it from your breech

*Fe*



*how to choofe a good wife from a bad.*

How fay you mistres *Virga* Will you suffer  
*Hic puer bona indolis* to teare  
His lessons, leaues and lectures from his booke?

1 Boy, Truly forsooth, I laid it in my skate,  
While *Robin Glade* and I went into *Campis*,  
And when I came againe my booke was torne.

*Am.* O mus a mouse, was euer heard the like?

1 Boy, O *domus* a house, maister I could not mend it.

2 Boy, O *Pediculus* a lowse, I know not how it came.

*Ami.* All towardly boyes, good schollers of their  
The least of these is past his Accidence, (times  
Some at *Qui mihi*: heere's not a boy

But he can conster all his *Graftmer Rules*:

*Sed ubi sunt Sodales*, not yet come?

Those *tarde venientes*, shall be whipt.

Vbieft *Pipkin*, where's that lazie knaue?

He playes the trewant euery Saturday,

But mistris *Virga*, lady *Willowbie*

Shall teach him, that *Diluculo surgere*

*Est saluberimum*, here comes the knaue.

*Enter Pip*

1 Boy *Tarde. tarde, tarde.*

2 Boy *Tarde, tarde, tarde.*

*Am.* Huc ades *Pip*. reach a better rod,

*Cur tam tarde venis?* speake, where hast thou beenc?

Is this a time a day to come to schoole:

*Ubi fuisti*, speake where hast thou beenc?

*Pip* *Magister quomodo vales?*

*Ami.* Is that *responsio* fitting my demand?

*Pip.* *Etiā certe* you aske me where I haue ben and I say  
*Quomodo vales*, as much to say, com out of the ale-houfe

*Ami.* Vntrusse, vntrusse, nay he'pe him, helpe him.

*Pip.* *Quaeso preceptor, quaeso* for Gods sake do not whip  
*Quid est Gramatica?* (me

*Ami.* Not whipe you *Quid est Gramatice* What's that

*Pip.* *Gramatica est*, hat if I vntrusse, you must meeds whip  
me vpon them: *Quid est Gramatica?*

And

*A pleasant conceited Comedy,*

*Ami.* When then, *die mihi*, speake where hast thou bin?

*Pip.* Forsooth my mistris sent me of an arant, to fetch my *M.* from the exchange, wee had strangers at home at dinner, and but for them I had not come *tarde, queso pro-*

*Ami.* Conster your lesson, perce it, *ad unguem* (ceptor et condemnato too, ile pardon thee.

*Pip.* That I will *M.* and if youle giue me leaue. (*expone*

*Ami.* *Propriaq, maribus tribuuntur mascula dicas, expone*

*Pip.* Conster it master? I will, *Dicas* they say, *propria* the proper man, *que maribus* that loues mary-bones, *mascula* miscall'd me.

*Ami.* A pritty queint, and a new construction.

*Pip.* I wairant you Master, if there bee any mary-bones in my lesson, I am an ould dog at them, How conster you this master: *Rostro desertus amat?*

*Ami.* *desertus* a disard, *amat* doth loue, *Rostro* Rostmeat.

*Pip.* A good construction on an empty stomack: master now I haue consterd my lesson, my mistris would pray you to let me come home to go of an arant.

*Ami.* Your *tres sequuntur*, and a way.

*Pip.* *Canis* a hog, *rana* a dog, *porcus* a frog,  
*Abeundum est mihi.* *Makes a leg, and exit.*

*Ami.* Your *sirra*, too then, and *ad prandium*

1 Boy. *A pis* a bed, *genu* a knee, *Vulcanus* Doctor Dee:  
*Viginti minus usus est mihi.*

*Ami.* By *Iunolip*, and *Saturnus* thumbe,  
It was *bonus, bona, bonum,*

2, Boy. *Vitrum* glasse *spica* grasse, *tu es asinus*, you are an Ass, *precor tibi felicem noctem.*

*Ami.* *Claudite iam libros pueri sat prae bibistis,*  
Looke when you come againe you tell me *ubi fuistis*,  
He that mindstrish trash, and will not haue care of his *redix*  
Him will I be-lish lash and haue a fling at his *podix*.

*Enter young Arthur.*

*Tou. Ar.* A pritty wench, a passing pritty wench,  
A sweeter ducke all London cannot yeeld,

She

*how to choofe a good wife from a bad,*

She caſt a glance on me as I paſſ'd by,  
Not *Hellen* had ſo rauishing an eye.  
He is the Pedant, ſir, *Aminadab*,  
I will inquire of him, if he can tell  
By any circumſtance, whoſe Wife ſhe is :  
Such fellows commonly haue intercourſe  
Without ſuſpition, where we are debard.  
God ſaue you ſir *Aminadab*.

*Ami. Salus tu quoq;* would you ſpeake with me?  
You are I take it, and let me not lie,  
For as you know, *Mentiri non eſt meum*,  
Young M. Arthur, *quid vis*. what will you?

*Ton. Ar.* You are a man I muſt rely vpon:  
There is a pretty wench dwels in this ſtreete,  
That keeps no ſhop, nor is not publicke knowne:  
At the two poſts next turning at the lane,  
I ſaw her from the window looking out:  
O, could you tell me how to come acquainted,  
With that ſweete laſſe you ſhould command me ſir,  
Euen to the vtmoſt of my life and power.

*Ami. Diſboni, boni*, tis my loue he meanes,  
But I will keepe it from this Gentleman;  
And ſo I hope to make triall of my loue.

*Ton. Ar.* If I obtaine her thou ſhalt win thereby,  
More then at this time I will promiſe thee.

*Ami. Quando venis apud*, I ſhall haue two hornes on  
my Caput.

*Ton. Ar.* What if her husband come and find one there

*Ami. Nunquam*, time neuer feare,  
She is vnmarried I ſweare,  
But if I helpe you to the deed  
*Tu vis narrare* how you ſpeed.

*Tong. Ar.* Tell how I ſpeed, I ſir, I will to you,  
Then preſently about it: many thankes,  
For this great kindneſſe, ſir *Aminadab*.

*Ami.* If my *Puella* prooue adrab,

*A pleasant conceited Comedy,*

He be reueng'd on both, *ambo* shall die,  
Shall die by what, for *ego* I,  
Haue neuer handled I thanke God,  
Other weapons then a rod:  
I dare not fight for all my speeches,  
*Sed* *(ane)*, if I take him thus,  
*Ego sum* *expers* at vntrusse.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Iustice Reason, Old Arthur, old Lusam, Mistrisse  
Arthur, Young Lusam, and Hugh.*

*Old Ar.* We, Master *Iustice Reason*, come about  
A serious matter that concerns vs neare:

*Old Lu.* I marry doth it, concerne vs neare:  
Would God sir you would take some order for it.

*Old Ar.* Why looke ye *M. Lusam* you are such ano-  
You will be talking what concernes vs neare, (ther,  
And know not why we come to *M. Iustice*.

*Old Lu.* How know not I?

*Old Ar.* No sir, not you.

*Old Lu.* Well I know somewhat, though I know not  
Then on I pray you. (that,

*Iust.* Forward I pray, yet the case is plaine.

*Old Ar.* Why sir, as yet you doe not know the case.

*Old Lu.* wel, he knows fomwhat, forward *M. Arthur*.

*Old Ar.* And as I told you, my vnruely sonne,  
Once hauing bid his wife home to my house,  
There tooke occasion to be much agrieu'd,  
About some houshold matters of his owne  
And in plaine tearmes, they fell in controuerfie.

*Old Lu.* It is true sir, I was there the same time,  
And I remember many of the words.

*Old Ar.* Lord what a man are you, you were not there  
That time, as I remember you were rid  
Downe to the North to see some friends of yours.

*Old Lu.* Well, I was somewhere, forward *M. Ar.*

*Iust.*

*how to choofe a good Wife from a bad.*

*Inst.* All this was well, no fault to be found  
In either of the parties, pray say on.

*Old Ar.* Why fir, I haue not namde the parties yet  
Nor toucht the fault that is complain'd vpon.

*Old Lu.* Well, you toucht somewhat, forward *M. Ar.*

*Old Ar.* And as I said, they fell in controuerfie,  
My sonne not like a husband, gaue her woys,  
Of great reproofe, despight and contumely,  
Which she poore soue digested patiently:  
This was the first time of their falling out,  
As I remember, at the same time,  
Was one *Thomas* Earle of surreys Gentleman;  
Dined at my table.

*Old Lu.* O, I know him well.

*Old Ar.* You are a strange man, this Gentleman  
That I speake of, am sure you neuer saw I  
He came but lately from be-yond the sea.

*Old Lu.* I am sure I know one *Thomas*: forward fir.

*Inst.* And is this all? make me amittimus,  
And send the offender straightwaies to the gaile,

*Old Ar.* First know the offender, how began the strife  
Betwixt this Gentlewoman and my sonne,  
Since when fir, he hath vsd her nothing like one  
That should partake his bed, but like a slaue.  
My comming was that you being in office,  
And in authority, should call before you  
My vnchrist sonne, to giue him some aduice,  
Which he will take better from you then me  
That am his father: heer's the Gentlewoman,  
Wife to my soune and daughter to this man,  
Whom I perforce compell to liue with vs.

*Inst.* All this is well, here is your sonne you say,  
But she that is his wife you cannot finde.

*To. Lu.* You do mistake fir, heer's the Gentlewoman  
It is her husband that will not be found.

*Inst.* Well, all is one, for man and wife are one,

*A pleasant conceited Comedy,*

But is this all?

*Young Lu.* I all that you can say,  
And much more then you can well put off.

*Iust.* Nay, if the case appeare thus euident,  
Giue me a cup of wine: what, man and wife  
To disagree, I prethee fill my cup:  
I could say somewhat, tut, tut, by this wine  
I promise you, tis good Canary Sacke.

*Mi. Ar.* Father you do me open violence  
To bring my name in question, and produce  
This Gentlemen and others here to witnesse  
My husbands shame in open audience,  
What may my husband thinke when he shall know  
I went vnto the Iustice to complaine:  
But M. Iustice here, more wise then you  
Sayes little to the matter, knowing well  
His office is no whit concernd herein,  
Therefore with fauour I will take my leaue.

*Iust.* The woman saith but reason *M. Arthur*,  
And therefore giue her licence to depart.

*Old Lu.* Here is drie Iustice, not to bid vs drinke,  
Harkethee my friend, I prethee lend the cup:  
Now M. Iustice heare me but one word,  
You thinke this woman hath had little wrong,  
But by this wine which I intend to drinke:

*Iust.* Nay saue your oath, I pray you do not sweare,  
Or if you sweare take not too deepe an oath.

*Old Lu.* Content your selfe, I may take a lawfull oath  
Before a Iustice: therefore by this wine.

*To Lu.* A profound oath, well sworn, and deepe tooke,  
Tis better thus then swearing on a booke.

*Old Lu.* My daughter hath bin wronged exceedingly.

*Iust.* O sir I would haue credited these words  
Without this oath: but bring your daughter hither,  
That I may giue her counsell ere you goe.

*Old Lu.* Marry Gods blessing on your heart for that,  
Daughter

*how to choose a good wife from a bad.*

Daughter giue care to Iustice *Reasons* words.

*Iust.* Good woman, good wife, or mistress, if you haue done amisse, it should seeme you haue done a fault; & making a fault, ther's no question but you haue done amisse: but if you walke vprightly, and neither lead to the right hand nor to the left, no question but ye haue neither led to the right hand nor the left, but as a man should say walked vprightly: but it should apeare by these plaine trifies that you haue had some wrong, if you loue your spouse intirely, it should seeme you affect him feruently and if hee hate you monstroously, it should seeme he loathes you most exceedingly: and ther's the point, at which I will leaue, for the time passes away: therefore to conclude, this is the best counsell, looke that thy husband so fall in that hereafter you neuer fall out.

*Old Lu.* Good counsell, passing good instruction,  
Follow it daughter. Now I promise you,  
I haue not heard such an Oration  
This many a day: what remains to doe?

*To Lu.* Sir, I was cald as witness to this matter,  
I may be gone for ought that I can see.

*Iust.* Nay stay my friend, we must examine you,  
What can you say concerning this debate,  
Betwixt young *M. Arthur* and his wife.

*Ton. Lu.* Faith iust as much I thinke as you can say,  
And that's iust nothing.

*Iust.* How, nothing? come depose him, take his oath,  
Sweare him I say take his confession.

*Old Ar.* What can you say sir in this doubtfull case?

*Ton. Lu.* Why nothing sir.

*Iust.* We cannot take him in a contrary tale,  
For he saies nothing still, and that same nothing  
Is that which we haue stood on all this while,  
He hath confest euen all for all is nothing,  
This is your witnesse he hath witnest nothing,  
Since nothing then so plainly is confest,



*A pleasant conceited Comedy,*

And we by cunning answears and by wit,  
Haue wrought him to confesse nothing to vs,  
Write his confession.

*Old Ar.* Why, what should we write?

*Inst.* Why nothing: heard you not as well as I,  
What he confest? I lay write nothing downe.  
Mistris we haue dismist you, loue your husband  
Which whi ft you doe, you shall not hate your husband  
Bring him before me, I will vrge him with  
This Gentlemans expresse confession  
Against you: send him to me; ile not faile  
To keepe iust nothing in my memorie.  
And sir, now that we haue examined you,  
We likewise heere discharge you with good leaue.  
Come *M*, *Arthur* and *M. Lusam* too,  
Come in with me, vlesse the man were here,  
Whom most especially the cause concernes,  
We cannot end this quarrell: but come neere,  
And we will tast a glasse of our March beere. *Exeunt.*

*Enter mistris Mary, mistris Splay, and Brabo.*

*Ma.* I prethe tell me *Brabo*, what planet thinkst thou  
gouernd at my conception, that I liue thus openly to the  
world?

*Bra.* Two Planets raignd at once: *Venus*, thats you,  
And *Mars* thats I, were in coniunction

*Splay.* Prethee, prethee, in faith that coniunction  
copulatiue, is that part of speech that I liue by.

*Bra.* Ha, ha, to see the world, we swaggerers  
That liue by oaths and big-mouth'd menaces,  
Are now deputed for the tallest men:

He that hath now a blacke muchato

Reaching from eare to eare, or turning vp

*Puncto reuerso*, bristling towards the eye:

He that can haog two handsome tooles at his side,

Go in disguisd attire, weare iron enough,

I sheld a tall man and a souldier.

He



*how to choofe a good Wife from a bad.*

He that with greateſt grace can ſweare gogs zownds,  
Or in the Tauerne make a drunken fray.

Can cheate at dice, ſwagger in bawdy houſes,

Were veluer on his face :and with a grace

Can face it out with, as I am a ſouldier :

He that can clap his ſword vpon the boord

Hee's a braue man, and ſuch a man am I.

*Ma.* She that with kiſſes can both kill and cure,

That liues by loue that ſweares by nothing els

But by a kiſſe, which is no common oath:

That liues by lying, and yet oft tels truth,

That takes moſt pleaſure when ſhe takes moſt paines,

Shee's a good weach my boy, and ſuch am I.

*Splay.* ſhe is paſt it, & prays for them that may,

*Bra.* Is an old bawde, as you are miſtris *Splay.*

*Splay.* O do not name that name, do you not know,

That I could neuer indure to heare that name?

But if your man would leaue vs, I would reade

The leſſon that laſt night I promis'd you,

*Ma.* I pri hee leaue vs, wee would be alone.

*Bra.* And will, and muſt: if you bid me be gone.

I will withdraw, and draw on any he,

That in the worlds wide round dare cope with me,

Miſtris fare well, to none I neuer ſpake

So kind a word: my ſalutations are,

Farewell and be hang'd, in the diuell's name:

what they haue beene my many ſtraies can tell,

You cannot fight therefore to you farewell. *Exit. (tion?*

*Ma.* O, this ſame ſwagerer is the bulwark of my reputa

But Miſt. *Splay.* now to your lecture that you promis'd

*Splay.* Daugh er attend, for I will tell thee now, (me.

What in my young dayes. I my ſelfe haue tride,

Be rul'd by me and I will make thee rich,

You, God be praiſd, are faire, and as they ſay,

Full of good parts; you haue bin often tride,

To be a woman of good carriage,

which

*A pleasant conceited Comedy,*

Which in my mind, is very commendable.

*Ma.* It is indeede: for ward good mother *Splay*,

*Splay.* And as I told you, being faire, I wish  
Sweete Daughter, you were as fortunate;  
When any suter come to aske thy loue,  
Looke not into his words: but into his sleene:  
If thou canst learne what language his purse speakes,  
Be rul'd by that, thats golden eloquence.

Money can make a stamering tongue speake plain:

If he that loues thee, bee deform'd and rich,

Accept his loue, gold hides deformity:

Gold can make limping *vulcan* walke vpright,  
make squint-eyes look straight, a crab'd face looke smooth

Guilds copper notes makes them looke like gold,

Fils ages wrinkles vp, and makes a face

As old as *Nestors*, looke as young as *Cupids*.

If thou wilt arme thy selfe against all shifts,

Regard all men according to their gifts,

This if thou practice thou, when I am dead,

Wilt say, old mother *Splay* lost laid thy head.

*Enter young Arthur.*

*Ma.* Soft, who comes here? be gone good mistris *Splay*  
Of thy rules practise, this is my first day.

*Splay.* God for thy passion, what a beast am I  
To scare the bird that to the net would flie.

*Exit.*

*Young Ar.* By your leaue Mistris.

*Ma.* What to do Master?

*Yon. Ar.* To giue me leaue to loue you.

*Ma.* I had rather afford yon some loue to leaue me

*Yon. Ar.* I would you could as soone loue me, as I could

*Ma.* I pray you what are you sir? (leaue you.)

*Yon. Ar.* A man ile assure you.

*Ma.* How should I know that?

*Yon. Ar.* Trie me by my word, for I say I am a man,

Or

*how to choofe a good Wife from a bad.*

Or by my deede, ile prone my felfe a man.

*Ma.* Are you not *M. Arthur*?

*Tom. Ar.* Not *M. Arthur*, but *Arthur*, and your feruant  
sweete miftris *Mary*.

*Ma.* Not miftris *Mary*, but *Mary* and your hand-maid  
sweet *M. Arthur*.

*Tom. Ar.* That I loue you, let my face tell you: that I loue  
you more then ordinary, let this kiffe testifie: and that I  
loue you feruently and intirely, aske this gift, and fee what  
it will anfwere you: my felfe, my purfe, and all being who-  
ly at your feruice.

*Ma.* That I take your loue in good part, my thanks  
shall fpeake for me: that I am pleas'd with your kiffe, this  
interest of another shall certifie you, and that I accept  
your gift, my prostrate feruice and felfe shall witnesse  
with me, my loue, lips, and sweete felfe, are at your  
feruice: wilt please you to come neere fir?

*Tom. Ar.* O that my wife were dead, here would I make  
My fecond choise, would she were buried,  
From out of her graue this marigold should grow,  
Which in my nuptials I would weare with pride:  
Die shall she I haue doomd her destiny.

*Ma.* Tis newes *M. Arthur* to see in fuch a place,  
How doth your wife?

*Tom. Ar.* Faith miftris *Mary* at the point of death,  
And long she cannot liue, she shall not liue  
To trouble me in this my fecond choise.

*Enter Aminadab with a bill and a head peece.*

*Ma.* I pray forbear fir, for heere comes my loue,  
Good fir for this time leaue me by this kiffe  
You cannot aske the question at my hands  
I will deny you, pray you get you gone.

*Tom. Ar.* Fare well sweete miftris *Mary*.

*Ma.* Sweete adien.

*Exit.*

*Ami.*

*A pleasant conceited Comedy,*

*Ami.* Stand to me bill, and head-peere sit thou close  
I heare my loue, my wench, my ducke, my deare,  
Is sought by many suters but with this  
He keepe the doore, and enter he that dare,  
*Virga* begone, thy twigsile turne to Steele.  
These fingers that were expert in the ierke,  
Instead of lashing of the trembling *podes*,  
Must learne pash and knocke, and beate and mall,  
Cleaue pates and *caputs*, he that enters here,  
Comes on his death, *mors mortis*, he shall taste.

*Ma.* Alas poore foole the Pedants mad for loue,  
Thinke me more mad that I would marry him:  
Hee's come to watch me with a rustie bill,  
To keepe my friends away by force of armes,  
I will not see him but stand still aside,  
And heere obserue him what he meanes to do.

*Ami.* *O utinam*, that he that loues her best,  
Durst offer but to touch her in this place,  
*Per Ichonah, & Inuonem, hoc*  
Shall pash his Cox-comb such a knocke,  
As that his soule his course shall take,  
To *Limbo* and *Anernus lake*.  
In vaine I watch in this darke hole,  
Would any liuing durst my man-hood trie,  
And to come vp the staires this way.

*Ma.* O we should see you make a goodly fray.

*Ami.* The wench I here watch with my bill,  
*A mo, amai, amai*, still,  
*Qui audet*, let him come that dare,  
Death, hell and *Limbo* be his share.

*Enter Brabo.*

*Bra.* Wheres mistresse Mary neuer a post here,  
A bar of iron gainst which to trie my sword?  
Now by my beard a dainty peece of Steele.

*Ami.*

*how to choose a good wife from a bad,*

*Ami.* O loue what a qualme is this I feele?

*Bra.* Come hither Mall, is none heere but we too,  
When didst thou see the starueling schoole master?  
That rat, that shrimpe that spindle-shankes, that wren, that  
sheepe-biter, that leane chittiface, that famine, that leane en-  
uy, that all bones, that bare anotomy, that iack a lent that  
ghost, that shadow, that moone in the waine.

*Ami.* I waile in woe, I plunge in paine.

*Bra.* When next I find him here ile hang him vp,  
Like a drie Sawfage in the chimney top,  
That stock-fish, that poore Iohn, that gut of men.

*Ami.* O that I were at home againe.

*Bra.* When he comes next, turne him into the streets  
Now come, lets dance the shaking of the sheetes. *Exit.*

*Ami.* *Qui, quæ, quod:* hence boistrous bill, come gentle rod  
Had not grim Malkin stamp and starde,

*Aminidab* had little carde,  
Or if in stead of this browne bill,  
I had kept my mistris *virga* still,  
And he vpon anothers backe,  
His points vntrust, his breeches slacke,  
My countenance he should not dash,  
For I am expert in the lash,  
But my sweete Lasse, my loue doth flie,  
Which shail make me by poyson die,  
*Per fidem*, I will end my life  
Either by poyson, sword or knife.

*Enter mistris Arthur, and Pipkin.*

*Mis. Ar.* Sirra, when saw you your master?

*Pip.* Faith mistris when I last lookt vpon him.

*Mis. Ar.* And when was that.

*Pip.* When I beheld him.

*Mis. Ar.* And when was that.

*Pip.* Mary when he was in my sight, and that was

*A pleasant conceited Comedy,*

yester day, since when I saw him not, nor looked on him  
nor beheld him, nor had any sight of him.

*Mi. Ar.* Was he not at my father in lawes?

*Pip.* Yes mary was he.

*Mi. Ar.* Didst thou not intreat him to come home.

*Pip.* How should I mistris, he came not there to day.

*Mi. Ar.* Didst thou not say he was there? (when

*Pip.* True mistris he was there, but I could you not  
He hath bin there diuers times of late.

*Mi. Ar.* About your businesse, heere ile sit and waite,  
His comming home though it be neuer so late,  
Now once againe goe looke him at the change,  
Or at the Church with sir *Aminadab*.

Tis told me they vse often conference :

When that is done, get you to schoole againe.

*Pip.* I had rather play the trewant at home ; then goe  
seeke my M. at schoole : let mee see, what age am I, some  
foure and twenty, and how haue I profited? I was five  
yeres learning cris crosse from great A, and five yere longer  
comming to F: there I stucke some three yere before I  
could come to Q : and so in proceffe of time I came to e per  
se, and con per se, and tittle then I got to a, e, i, o, u, after to  
Our father : and in the sixeteenth yere of my age, and fif-  
teenth of my going to schoole, I am (in good time) gotten to  
a Nowne, by the same token there my hose went downe :  
then I came to a verbe, there I began first to haue a beard :  
then I came to *iste, ista, istud*, there my master whipt me tell  
he fetcht the blood &c. so that now I am become the great-  
test schooler in the schoole : for I am bigger then two or  
three of them, but I am gon, farewell mistris. *Exit.*

*Enter Anselme and Fuller.*

*Full.* Loue none at all they will forswear themselves,  
And when you vrgethem with it their replies.  
*Ans* Are that *Ione* laughs at louers periuries.

*Ans*



*how to choose a good Wife from A bad.*

*Ans.* You told me of a iest concerning that,  
Præter let me heere it-

*Ful.* That thou shalt.

My mistris in a humor had protested,  
That about all the world she lou'd me best,  
Saying with suters she was oft molested,  
And she hath lodg'd her heart within my brest:  
And sweare (but me) both by her maske and fan,  
She neuer would so much as name a man.  
Nor name a man quoth I? yet be aduise,  
Not loue a man but me let it be so,  
You shall not thinke, quoth she, my thoughts disguise  
In flatering language, or dissembling shew,  
I say againe, and I know what I do,  
I will not name a man aliue but you.  
Into her house I came at vnaware,  
Her backe was to me: and I was not seene,  
I stole behinde her till I had her faire,  
Then with my hands I clos'd both her eies:  
She blinded thus, beginneth to bethinke her,  
Which of her Loues it was that did hood-winke her  
First she begins to guesse and name a man,  
That I well knew but she had knowne far better.  
The next I neuer did suspect till then,  
Still of my name I could not heare a letter,  
Then mad she did name *Robin* and then *James*  
Till she had reckned vp some twenty names,  
At length when she had counted vp her score,  
As one among the rest she hit on me:  
I askt her if she could not reckon more,  
And pluckt away my hands to let her see,  
But when she lookt backe, and saw me behind her?  
She blusht and askt if it were I that did blind her?  
And since I sware both by her maske and fanne,  
To trust no she tong, that can name a man.

*Ans.* Your great oath hath some exceptions

*A pleasant conceited Comedy,*

But to our former purpose, yon is mistress *Arthur*,  
We will attempt another kind of wooing,  
And make her hate her husband if we can.

*Ful.* But not a word of passion or of loue,  
Hauc at her now to trie her patience,  
God saue you mistress.

*Mi. Ar.* you are welcome sir.

*Ful.* Whers your husband I pray?

*Mi. Ar.* Not within.

*Ans.* Who *M. Arthur*, him I saw euen now  
At mistress *Maries* the braue Curtizans,

*Mis. Ar.* Wrong not my husbands reputation so,  
I neither can nor will beleue you sir.

*Ful.* Poore gentlewoman how much I pittie you,  
Your husband is become her only guest:  
Helodges there, and dayly diets there,  
Heriots, reuels, and doth all things  
Nay, he is held the master of mil-rule,  
Mong't a most lothed and abhorred crew,  
And can you being a woman, suffer this?

*Mis. Ar.* Sir, sir I vnderstand you well enough,  
Admit my husband doth frequent that house  
Of such dishonest vsage, I suppose  
He doth it but in zeale to bring them home  
By his good counsell, from that course of sinne.  
And like a christian seeing them astray  
In the broad path that to damnanion leades,  
He vseth thither to direct their feete,  
Into the narrow way that guides to heauen.

*Ans.* Was euer woman gulld so palpably?  
But mistress *Arthur*, thinke you as you say?

*Mis. Ar.* Sir, what I thinke I thinke, and what I say  
I would I could enioyne you to beleue.

*Ans.* Faith mistress *Arthur*, I am sorry for you,  
And in good sooth, I wish it lay in me  
To remedy the least part of these wrongs

Your



*how to choose a good wife from a bad.*

Your vnkind husband daily profers you.

*Mi. Ar.* You are deceiu'd hee is not vnkind,  
Although he bare an outward shew of hate  
His heart and soule are both assured mine.

*Ans.* Fie mistris *Arthur*, take a better spirit,  
Be not so timorous to rehearse your wronges  
I say your husband haunts bad company,  
Swaggerers, cheaters, wanton curtizans.  
There he defiles his body, stains his soule,  
Consumes his wealth, vndoes himselfe and you  
In danger of diseases, whose vild names,  
Are not for any honest mouths to speake,  
Not any chaste eares to receiue and heare,  
O, he will bring that face admird for beauty,  
To be more lothed then a leaprous skinne,  
Diuorce your selfe now whilst the clouds grow blacke  
Prepare your selfe a shelter for the storme,  
Abandon his most lothed fellowship,  
You are young mistris, will you loose your youth?

*Mis. Ar.* Tempt no more diuell thy deformity,  
Hath chang'd it selfe into an angels shape,  
But yet I know thee by thy course of speech,  
Thou gets an apple to betray poore *Eue*,  
Whose out-side beares a shew of pleasant fruit,  
But the vild branch, on which the apple grew.  
Was that which drew poore *Eue* from Paradise.  
Thy Syrens song could make me drowne my selfe,  
But I am tied vnto the masse of truth.  
Admire my husband be inclin'd to vice,  
My vertues may intime recall him home:  
But if wee both should desp'rate runne to sinne,  
We shoud abide certaine destruction.  
But hee's like one that ouer a sweete face  
Puts a deformed vizard, for his soule  
Is free from any such inrents of ill;  
Onely to trie my patience he puts one,

And -

*A pleasant conceited Comedy,*

An vgly shape of blacke intemperance :  
Therefore this blot of shame, which he now weares,  
I with my prayers will purge, and wash with teares.

*Exit.*

*Ans. Fuller.*

*Ful. Anselme.*

*Ans. Howlik'st thou this?*

*Ful. As schoole-boyes ierkes, Apes whips, as Lions cocks,  
As furies do fasting dayes, and diuels crosses,  
As maides to haue their mariage dayes put off:  
I like it as the thing I most do loth,  
What wilt thou doe for shame persist no more  
In this extremity of friuolous loue,  
I seemy doctrine moues no precise cares,  
But such as are profest *inamoratos*.*

*Ans. O I shall die.*

*Ful. Tush liue to laugh a little,  
Heere's the best subiect that thy loue affords,  
Listen a while and heare this : ho boy, speake.*

*Ami. As in presenti, thou loathst the gift I sent thee  
Nolo plus tarry but die for the beauteous Mary.  
Fane would I die by a sword, but what sword shall I die by  
Or by a stone, what stone? *nullus lapis iacet ibi.* (vaines  
Knife I haue none to sheth in my brest, or empty my full  
Here is no wall or post that I can soile with my brudd  
brines.*

*Ful. First will I therefore say 2 or 3 Creedes and Auemaries  
And after go buy a poyson at the Apothecaries.*

*Ful. I pray thee Anselme but obserue this fellow  
Doest not heere him? he would die for loue :  
That mis-shapt loue thou wouldest condemne in him  
I see in thee, I prethee note him well.*

*Ans. Were I assurde that I were such a louer.  
I would be with my selfe quite out of loue :  
I prethee lets perswade him still to liue.*

*Ful. That were a dangerous case, perhaps the fellow*

*In*

*how to choofe a good wife from a bad,*

Indesperation would to sooth vs vp,  
Promise repentant recantation,  
And after fall into that desperat course,  
Both which I will preuent with policy. (thee,  
*Ami.* O death come with thy dart, come death when I bid  
*Mors vim veni mors,* and from this misery rid me:  
She whom I lou'd, whom I lou'd, euen she my sweet *Mary*  
Doth but flout, and mocke, and iest, and dissimulaty.

*Ful.* Ile fit him finely, in this paper is  
The iuyce of Mandrake, by a Doctor made,  
To cast a man, whose leg shoud be cut off  
Into a deepe, a cold and senselesse sleepe,  
Of such approued operation,  
That who to takes it is for twice twelue houres,  
Breathlesse, and to all mens iudgements, past all senses  
This will I giue this pedant, but in sport,  
For when tis knowne to take effect in him,  
The world will but esteeme it as a iest:  
Besides, it may be a meanes to saue his life,  
For being perfect poyson, as it seemes,  
His meaning is, some conetuous slaue for coine,  
Will sell it him, though it be held by law,  
To be no better then flat felony.

*Ans.* Vphold the iest, but he hath spied vs, peace,

*Ami.* Gentles God saue you,  
Here is a man I haue noted oft, most learned in Phisicke  
One man he helpt of the cough, another hee heald of the tir  
And I will boord him thus: *Salue, o salue magister.* (sicke

*Ful.* *Gratis mihi aduenis: quid mecum vis.*

*Ami.* *Optatum venis, paucis te volo.*

*Ful.* *Si quid industria nostra tibi faciat, dic queso.*

*Ami.* Attend me sir, I haue a simple house,  
But as the learned *Diogenes* saith,  
In his Epistle to *Tartullian*,

*A pleasant conceited Comedy,*

It is extreamely troubled with great rats,  
I haue no *musse* puffle, nor grey eyde cat,  
To hunt them out, O could your learned art,  
Shew me a meanes how I might poyson them.  
*Tuus dum suus*, sir *Aminidab*

*Ful.* With all my heart, I am no Rat-catcher,  
But if you need a poyson, here is that  
Will pepper both your dogs and rats and cats:  
Nay spare your purse, I giue this in good will,  
And as it proues I pray you send to me,  
And let me know would you aught else with me?

*Ans.* *Minime quidem*, heres that you say will take them:  
A thousand thanks sweete sir, I say to you  
As Tully in his *Ælops* Fables said,  
*Adgo tibi gratias*, so farewell, *vale*.

*Exit.*

*Ful.* Adew, Come let vs goe, I long to see  
What the euent of this new iest will be.

*Enter young Arthur.*

*To. Ar.* Good morrow gentlemen, saw you not this way  
As you were walking, sir *Aminadab*?

*Ans. M. Arthur*, as I take it.

*To. Ar.* Sir the same.

*Ans.* Sir I desire your more familiar loue,  
Would I could bid my selfe vnto your house,  
For I haue wisht for your acquaintance long.

*To. Ar.* Sweete *M. Anselmus* I desire yours too:  
Will you come dine with me to morrow,  
You shall be welcome I assure you sir

*Ans.* I feare I shall proue to bold a guest.

*To. Ar.* You shall be welcome if you will bring your friend

*Ful.* O Lord sir we shall be too troublesome.

*To. Ar.* Nay, now I will inforce a promise from you,  
Shall I expect you?

*Ful.* Yes with all my heart.

*Ans.*

*how to choose a good wife from a bad,*

*An.* A thousand thanks. Yonders the schoolmaster  
So till to morrow twenty times fare well.

*Tong. Ar.* I double ali your farewell twenty fold.

*An.* O this acquaintance was well scrapte of me,  
By this my loue to morrow I shall see. *Exit.*

*Ami.* This poyson shall by force expell,  
*Amerem loue, infernum hell.*

*Per hoc venenum ego I,*  
For my sweete louely lasse will die.

*To. Ar.* What do I heare of poyson, which sweete meanes  
Must make me a braue frolicke widdower?  
It seemes the doting foole being forlorne  
hath got some compound mixture, in dispaire  
To end his desperate fortunes and his life:  
He get it from him, and with this make way  
To my wifes night, and to my lounes faire day.

*Ami.* In *nomine domine*, friends farewell:  
I know death comes heres such a sinell.

*Pater & Mater*, father and mother,  
*Frater & soror*, sister and brother,  
And my sweete *Mary*, not these drugges,  
Do send me to the infernall bugges,  
But thy vnkindnesse: so adieu,  
Hob-gobbling now I come to you.

*Ton. Ar.* Hold man I say; what will the mad man do?  
I haue got thee, thou shalt goe with me:  
No more of that, fie sir Aminadab.  
Destroy your selfe: if I but heare here after  
Your practise such reuenge vpon your selfe,  
All your friends shall know that for a wench,  
A paltry wench you would haue kild your selfe.

*Ami.* O *tace queso*, do not name  
This franticke deede of mine for shame:  
My sweete master not a word,  
He neuer drowne me in a ford,  
Nor giue my necke such a scope,

*A pleasant conceited Comedy,*

To imbrace it with a hempen rope  
Ile die no way till nature will me,  
And death come with his dart and kill me  
If what is past, you will conceale,  
And nothing to the world reueale,  
Nay as *Quintilian* said of yore,  
Ile strue to kill my selfe no more.

*Ton. Ar.* Of that condition, ile conceale this deede,  
To morrow pray come and dine with me,  
For I haue many strangers : mongst the rest  
Some are desirous of your company,  
You will not faile me?

*Ami.* No insooth, ile trie the sharpnesse of my tooth.  
Instead of poyson I will eate,  
Rabbets, Capons and such meat,  
And so as *Pythagoras* sayes,  
With wholesome fare prolong my dayes.  
But sir will mistris *Mal*, be there?

*Ton. Ar.* She shall, she shall man neuer feare,

*Ami.* Then my spirit becomes stronger,  
And I will liue and stretch longer,  
For *Ouid* said and did not lie,  
That poysoned men do often die,  
But poyson hence-forth I will not eate,  
Whilst I can other victuals get,  
To morrow if you make a feast,  
Be sure sir I will be your guest,  
But keepe my counsell, *vale tu*,  
And till to morrow sir adieu :  
At your table I will proue,  
If I can eate away my loue,

*Ton. Ar.* O I am glad I haue thee, now deuise  
A way how to bestow it cunningly,  
It shall be thus : to morrow ile pretend  
A reconcilement twixt my wife and me,  
And to that end I will inuite thus many.

*Exit.*

First



*how to choose a good wife from a bad.*

First Justice Reason, as a cheefe man there,  
My father Arthur, Old Lufam, Young Lufam, M. Fuller.  
And Anselme I haue bid already.  
Then will I haue my hope ( Mary too, )  
Be it but to spight my wife before I die :  
For die she shall before to morrow night,  
The operation of this poyson is,  
Not suddaeenly to kill, they that take it  
Fall in a sleepe and then it is past recure,  
And this will I put in her cnp to morrow.

*Enter Pipkin running.*

Pip. This it is to haue such a master, I haue sought him  
at the Change, at the Schoole, at euery p'ace, but I cannot  
finde him no where. O cry mercy my mistris would intreat  
you to come home.

Yon. Ar. I cannot come to night, some vrgent busines  
Will all this night imploy me otherwise.

Pip. I beleene my mistris would kon you as much thanks  
to doe that businesse at home as abroad.

Yon. Ar. Here take my purse, and bid my wife prouide  
Good cheare against to morrow, there will be  
Two or three strangers of my late acquaintance,  
Sirra go you to Justice Reasons house,  
Inuite him first with all solemnity,  
Go to my Fathers, and my Father inlawes,  
Here take this note,  
The rest that come I will inuite my selfe,  
About it with what quicke dispatch thou canst.

Pip. I warrant you master ile dispatch this busines with  
more honesty, then you'l dispatch yours. But master, will  
the gentlewoman be there?

Yong. Ar. What Gentlewoman?

Pip. The Gentlewoman of the old house, that is aswell  
known by the color she laies on her cheeks, as an ale-house  
by the painting is laid of his lettice: she that is like *Homo*,  
common to all men: she that is beholding to no trade, but



*A pleasant conceited Comedy,*

lines of her selfe.

*Yong Ar.* Sirra begon, or I will send you hence.

*Pip.* Ile go; but by this hand ile tell my mistris as soone as I come home, that mistris light-heeles comes to dinner to morrow.

*Yong Ar.* Sweet mistres *Mary* ile inuite my selfe,  
And there ile frolicke, sup and spend the night.  
My plot is currant, here tis in my hand,  
will make me happy in my second choice,  
And I may freely challenge as mine owne,  
What I am now inforcede to seeke by stealth.  
Loue is not much vnlike ambition,  
For in them both all lets must be remoued,  
Twixt euery crowne and him that would aspire,  
And he that will attempt to win the same,  
Must plunge vp to the depth o're head and eares,  
And hazard drowning in that purple sea.  
So he that loues, must needs through bloud and fire,  
And do all things to compasse his desire.

*Enter mistris Arthur, and her maid.*

*Mi. Ar.* Come spread the tabie, is the hall well rub'd,  
The cushions in the windowes nearely laid,  
The Cup-board of plate set out, the casements stucke  
with Rosemary and flowers, the Carpets brusht?

*Maid.* I forsooth mistris.

*Mis. Ar.* Looke to the kitchin maid, and bid the Cooke  
take downe the Ouen stone, the Pies be burnt: here  
take my keyes, and giue him out more spice.

*Maid.* Yes forsooth mistris.

*Mis. Ar.* Wher's that knaue *Pipkin* bid him spread the  
Fetch the cleane Diaper Napkins from my chest.  
Set out the guilded salt, and bid the fellow  
Make himselfe hanfome, get him a cleane band.

*Maid.* Indeed forsooth mistris, he is such a slouen  
That nothing will sit hanfome about him,  
He had a pound of Sope to scowre his face,

And

*how to choofe a good wife from a bad.*

And yet his brow lookes like a chimney stocke.

*Mi. Ar.* Heele be a flouen still : maid take this apron,  
And bring me one of linnen, quickly maid.

*Maid.* I go forfooth.

*Exit.*

*Mi. Ar.* There was a curtſie, let me ſee't againe:  
I that was well, I feare my gueſts will come,  
Ere we be ready, what a ſpight is this?

*Within miſtriſſe.*

*Mi. Ar.* Whats the matter.

*Within miſtris* I pray take *Pipkin* from the fire,  
We cannot keepe his fingers from the roſt.

*Miſ. Ar.* Bid him come hither, what a knaue is that ?  
Fie, fie, neuer out of the kitchin,  
Still broyling in the fire,

*Enter Pipkin,*

*Pip.* I hope you will not take *Pipkin* from the fire .  
Till the broth be inough

*Enter a maid with an apron.*

*Miſ. Ar.* well firrah, get a napkin and a trencher  
and wait to day. So let me ſee my apron.

*Pip.* miſtris I can tell you one thing, my M. wench  
Will come home to day to dinner.

*Enter Iuſtice Reaſon and his man.*

*Miſ. Ar.* She ſhall be welcome if ſhe be his gueſt :  
But heer's ſome of our gueſts are come already :  
A chaire for *Iuſtice Reaſon*, firra. ( huſwife

*Iuſt.* Good morrow miſtris *Arthur* you are like a good  
At your requeſt I am come home : what a Chaire !  
Thiſ age ſeekes eaſe : where is your husband miſtris ?  
what a cuſhin too ?

*Pip.*

*A pleasant conceited Comedy,*

*Pip.* I pray you ease your taile fir.

*Iust.* Mary and will good fellow, twenty thanks.

*Pip.* *M. Hugh* as welcome as heart can tell, or tongue can thinke.

*Hugh.* I thanke you *M. Pipkin*, I haue got many a good dish of broth by your meanes.

*Pip.* According to the auncient curtesie, you are welcome : according to the time and place, you are hartily welcome : when they are busie at the boord, wee will find our selues busied in the buttery, and so sweete *Hugh* according to your schollers phraise, *Gratulor aduentum tuum.*

*Hugh.* I will answere you with the like, sweete *Pipkin* *gratias.*

*Pip.* As much grace as you will, but as little of it as you can good *Hugh.* But here comes more guests.

*Enter old Arthur, and old Lusam.*

*Mis. Ar.* More stooles and cushings for these gentlemen.

*Old Ar.* What *M. Iustice Reason* are you here, Who would haue thought to haue mett you in this place?

*Old Lu.* What say mine eyes, is Iustice Reason here? Mountaines may meete and so may we.

*Iust.* Well, when men meete they meete, And when they part, they often leaue one anothers company : So we being mett are mett. (ny :

*Old Lu.* Truly you say true, And *M. Iustice Reason* speakes but reason, To heare how wisely men of law will speake.

*Enter Anselme and Fuller.*

*Ans.* Good morrow gentlemen,

*Mis. Ar.* What are you there?

*Ans.* Good morrow mistris and good morrow all

*Iust.* If I may be so bound in a strange place, I say good morrow, and as much to you, I pray Gentlemen will you sit downe?

We

*how to choose a good Wife from a bad.*

We haue beene young like you, and if you liue  
Vnto our age, you will be old like vs.

*Fis.* Be rulde by reason, but whose here?

*Enter Aminadab,*

*Ami.* Salute *omnes*, and good day,  
To all at once as I may say,  
*Firs*t *M. Iustice*, next old *Arthur*.  
That giues me pension by the quarter,  
To my good mistris and the rest,  
That are the founders of this feast.  
In briebe I speake to *omnes* all,  
That to their meate intend to fall,

*Iust.* Welcome sir *Aminadab*, O my sonne,  
Hath profited exceedingly well with you,  
Sit downe, sit downe, by mistris *Arthurs* leaue.

*Enter young Arthur, young Lusam and  
mistris Mary.*

*Yon. Ar.* Gentlemen, welcome all, whilst I deliuer  
Their priuate welcomes, wife, be it your charge  
To giue this Gentlewoman entertainment,

*Mis. Ar.* Husband I will, O this is she vsarpes  
The precious interest of my husbands loue:  
Though as I am woman, I could well,  
Thrust such a fewd companion out of doores,  
Yet as I am a true obedient wife,  
Ile kisse her feete to do my husbands will.  
You are intirely welcome Gentlewoman,  
Indeede you are pray do not doubt of it. (nefty,

*Ma.* I thanke you mistris *Arthur*, now by my little ho-  
It much repents me to wrong so chaste a woman.

*Yon. Ar.* Gentles, put ore your legs: first. *M. Iustice*,  
Here you shall sit.

*Iust.* And heere shall mistris *Mary* sit by me.

G

*Young. Ar.*

*A pleasant conceited Comedy,*

*Yon. Ar.* Pardon me fir, she shall haue my wifes place.

*Mi. Ar.* Indeede you shall, for he will haue it so.

*Mary.* if you will needs, but I shall do you wrong to take, your place.

*Old Lu.* I by my faith you should,

*Mi. Ar.* That is no wrong which we impute no wrong I pray you sit.

*Yong. Ar.* Gentlemen all, I pray you seate your selues : What fir *Amindab*, I know where your heart is.

*Ami.* Mum not a word, *Pax vobis*, peace : Come Gentles, ile be of this messe :

*Yon. Ar.* So, who giues thanks?

*Ami.* Sir, that will I,

*Yon. Ar.* I pray you to it by and by, wheres Pipkin? Wait at the boord, let maister *Reasons* man Be had into the buttery, but giue him A napkin and a trencher : Well said *Hugh*, wait at your masters elbow : Now say grace.

*Ami. Gloria Deo*, sirs proface,  
Attend me now whilst I say grace :  
For bread and salt, for grapes and malt,  
For flesh and fish, and euery dish,  
Mutton and beefe of all meates chiefe,  
For Cow-heeles, chitterlings, tripes and souse,  
And other meat thats in the house,  
For rackes, for brefts, for legges for loynes,  
For pies with raisins and with proines,  
For fritter, pancakes, and for frayses,  
For venison pasties and mince pies,  
Sheepes-head and garlicke, brawne and mustard :  
Wafers, spiced cakes, tartes and custard :  
For capons, rabbits, pigges, and geese :  
For apples carrawaies and cheefe :  
For all these and many mo,  
*Benidicamus Domino.*

*All Amen.*

*how to choofe a good Wife from a bad.*

*Inst.* I kon you thanks, but fir *Aminadab*,  
Is that your scholler? Now I promise you  
He is a toward stripling of his age.

*Pip.* Who I forsooth, yes indeede forsooth, I am his  
scholler, I would you should well thinke, I haue profited  
vnder him too, you shall heare if he will pose me.

*Old Ar.* I pray you, lets heare him.

*Ami.* *Huc ades* Pipkin.

*Pip.* *Adsum.*

*Ami.* *Quot Casus sunt*, how many Cases are there?

*Pip.* Marry a great many.

*Ami.* Well answered, a great many, there are sixe,  
Sixe, a great many, tis well answered,  
And which be they?

*Pip.* A Bow case, a Cap case, a Combe case, a Lute  
case, a Fiddle case, and a candle case.

*Inst.* I know them all, againe well answered:  
Pray God my youngest boy profit no worse.

*Ami.* How many parsons are there?

*Pip.* Ile tell you as many as I know,  
if youle giue me leaue to reckon them,

*Ans.* I prethee do.

*Pip.* The Parson of Fan-church, the Parson of Pancidge,  
and the Parson of

*Yon. Ar.* Well fir, about your busines, now will I,  
Temper the cup my lothed wife shall drinke. *Exit.*

*Old Ar.* Daughter me thinkes you are exceeding sad.

*Old Lu.* Faith daughter so thou art exceeding sad:

*Mi. Ar.* Tis but my countenance, for my heart is merry,  
Mistis, were you as merry as you are welcome,  
You should not sit so sadly as you do.

*Ma.* Tis but because I am feared in your place,  
Which is frequented seldome with true mirth.

*Mi. Ar.* The fault is neither in the place nor me.

*Ami.* How say you Lady to him that you last lay by?  
All is no more, *Prebibo tibi,*



*A pleasant conceited Comedy,*

*Ma.* I thanke you sir, mistris this draught shall be  
To him that loues both you and me.

*Mis. Ar.* I know your meaning.

*Ans.* Now to me,  
If you haue either loue or charity.

*Mis. Ar.* Heare *M. Iustice*, this is your graue eares,  
A mournefull draught God wot, halfe wine, halfe teares.

*Iust.* Let come my wench, here yongsterr to you all,  
You are silent, heere's that will make you talke  
Wenches me thinkes you sit like Puritans.  
Neuer a iest abroad to make them laugh?

*Ful.* Sir since you moue speech of a Puritan,  
If you will giue me audience, I will tell yee  
As good a iest as euer ye did heare.

*Old Ar.* A iest that is excellent.

*Iust.* Before hand let's prepare our selues to laugh,  
A iest is nothing if it be not grac'd:  
Now now I pray you when begins this iest?

*Ful.* I came vnto a puritan to woo her,  
And roughly did salute her with a kisse,  
Away quoth she, and rudely puts me from her,  
Brother by yea and nay I like not this,  
And still with amorous tales she was saluted,  
My artles speech with scripture was confuted.

*Old Lu.* Good, good indeede, the best that ere I heard.

*Old Ar.* I promise you it was exceeding good.

*Ful.* Oft I frequented her abroad by night,  
And courted her and spake her wondrous faire,  
But euer some-what did offend her sight,  
Either my doublet, ruffe, or my long haire,  
My skarfe was vaine, my rayments hung too low,  
My spannish shoo was cut too broad at toe.

*All* Ha, ha, the best that euer I heard.

*Ful.* I parted for that time, and came againe  
Seeming to be conformed in looke and speech,  
My shoes were sharpe toed, and my band was plaine,

Clofe



*how to choose a good Wife from a bad.*

Close to my thigh my metamorphoside breech,  
My cloake was narrow capde, my haire cut shorter,  
Of went my scarfe, thus marched I to the Porter.

*All.* Ha, ha, was euer heard the like?

*Ful.* The Porter spying me, did lead me in  
Where his faire mistris sat reading a chapter,  
Peace to this house quoth I and those within.  
Which holy speech with admiration wrapt her,  
And euer as I spake and came her nie,  
Seeming diuine, turnd vp the white of eye.

*Iust.* So, so, what then what then,

*Old Lu.* Forward, I pray forward sir:

*Ful.* I spake diuinely, and cald her sister,  
And by this meanes we were acquainted well:  
But yea and nay I will quoth I and kist her,  
She blusht and said that long tongd men would tell,  
I seemde to be as secret as the night.  
And said I would put out the light.

*Old Ar.* Insooth he would, a passing, passing iest.

*Ful.* O do not sweare quoth she, yet put it out  
Because I would not haue you breake your oath,  
I felt a bed there as I groapt about.

Introth quoth I here will we rest vs both.  
Sweare you introth quoth she, had you not sworne  
I had not don't, but tooke it in foule scorne,  
Then you will come quoth I, though I be loath,  
Ile come quoth she, be it but to keepe your oath.

*Iust.* Tis very pritty, but now whenst the ieast,

*Old Ar.* O forward to the ieast in any case.

*Old Lu.* I would not for an angel loose the ieast,

*Ful.* Heres right the dunghill cocke that finds a pearle,  
To talke of wit to these, is as a man  
Should cast out iewels to a heard of swine,  
why in the last words did consist the ieast.

*Old Lu.* I, in the last words? ha, ha, ha,  
It was an excellent admired ieast

*A pleasant conceited Comedy,*

To them that vnderstood it.

*Enter young Arthur with a cup of wine.*

*Iust.* It was indeede. I must for fashions sake,  
Say as they say, but other wise O God;  
Good M. *Arthur* thanks for your good cheare.

*Yon Ar.* Gentlemen welcome all, now heare me speake,  
One speciall cause that mou'd me lead you hither,  
Is for auncient grudge that hath long since  
Continued twixt my modest wife and me,  
The wrongs that I haue done her I recant,  
In either hand I hold a seuerall cup,  
This in the right hand, wife I drinke to thee,  
This in the left hand, pledge me in the draught.  
Burying all former hates so haue to thee: *He drinckes.*

*Mi. Ar.* The welcomest pledge that yet I euer tooke,  
Werethis wine poyson or did tast like gall,  
The hony sweete condition of your draught  
Would make it drinke like Nectar: I will pledge you  
Were it the last that I should euer drinke.

*Yon. Ar.* Make that account, thus Gentlemen you see  
Our late discord brought to a vnity.

*Ami.* *Ecce quam bonum & quam iucundum  
Est habitare fratres in unum:*

*Old Ar.* My heart doth tast the sweetnes of your pledge  
And I am glad to see this sweete accord.

*Old Lu.* Glad quotha, there is not one amongst vs  
But may be exceeding glad:

*Iust.* I am, I marry am I, that I am.

*Yon. Lu.* The best accord that could betide their loues.

*Ans.* The worst accord that could betide my loue.

*All about to rise.*

*Ami.* What rising gentles? keepe your places,  
He close vp your stomackes with a grace,  
*O domine, & chare Pater.*

That

*how to choofe a good Wife from a bad.*

That giæst vs wine instead of water,  
And from the pond and Riuer cleare,  
Mak' ft nappy ale, and good march Beere,  
That fend't vs sundry sorts of meat,  
And euery thing we drinke or eate,  
To maides, to wiues, to boyes, to men,  
*Laus Deo. sancte amen.*

*Yon. Ar.* So much good do you all, and gentlemen,  
Accept your welcomes better then your cheere.

*Old Lu.* Nay, so we do, ile giue you thanks for all.  
Come *M. Iustice*, you do walke our way,  
And *M. Arthur*, and old *Hugh* your man,  
Weele be the first will straine curtesie.  
*Iust.* God be with you all,

*Exeunt Old Arthur, Old Lufum, Iustice.*

*Ami. Proximus ego sum*, ile be the next.  
And man you home, how say you Lady?

*Yon. Ar.* I pray you doe, good fir *Aminadab*.

*Mary.* Sir if it be not too much trouble to you  
Let me intreat that kindnesse at your handes.

*Ami.* Intreat, fie, no, sweete lasse command:  
*Sic fo, nunc* now, take the vpper hand.

*He mans her away.*

*Yon. Ar.* Come wife, this meeting was all for our sakes,  
I long to see what force the poyson takes.

*Mi. Ar.* My deare, deare husband, in exchange of hate,  
My loue and heart shall one your seruice waite,

*Exeunt Arthur and his wife.*

*Ans.* So doth my loue on thee, but long no more,  
To her rich loue, thy seruice is too poore.

*Ful.*

*A pleasant conceited Comedy,*

*Ful.* For shame no more, you had best expostulate  
Your loue with euery stranger, leaue these sighes,  
And change them to familiar conference.

*Ton. Ar.* Trust mee the vertues of young *Ashurs* wife,  
Her constancy, and modest humility,  
Her patience and admired temperance,  
Haue made me loue all women-kind the better.

*Enter Pipkin.*

*Pip.* O my mistris, my mistris, shee's dead, shee's gone,  
shee's dead, shee's gone.

*Ans.* Whats that he sayes?

*Pip.* Out of my way, stand backe I say, all ioyes from  
earth is fled,

She is this day as cold as clay, my mistris she is dead:

O Lord my mistris, my mistris.

*Exit.*

*Ans.* What mistris *Arthur*, dead? my soule is vanisht,  
And the worlds wonder from the world quite banisht?

O I am sicke my paine growes worse and worse,  
I am quite stricke through with his late discourse.

*Ful.* What, fainst thou man? ile lead thee hence for shame  
Sound at the tidings of a womans death:

Intolerable and beyond all thought,

Come my loues foo'e, giue me thy hand to lead,

This day one body and two hearts are dead.

*Exeunt.*

*To. Lu.* But how, she was as well as well could be,

And on the suddaine dead, ioy in excesse

Hath ouer-run her poore disturbed soule.

Ile after and see how *Maister Arthur* takes it,

His former hate far more suspitious makes it.

*Exit.*

*Enter Hugh, and after Pipkin.*

*Hu.* My *M.* hath left his gloues behinde where he sate  
is his chaire, and hath sent me to fetch them: it is such

an

*how to choofe a good wife from a bad,*

an old shudge, hee le not loofe the dropings of his nose.

*Pip.* O mistris, O *Hugh*, O *Hugh*, O mistris, *Hugh*, I must needs beat thee, I am mad, I am lunaticke, I must fall vpon thee, my mistris is dead.

*Hugh.* O M. *Pipkin*, what do you meane, what do you meane M. *Pipkin*?

*Pip.* O *Hugh*, O mistris, O mistris, O *Hugh*.

*Hugh.* O *Pipkin*, O God, O God. O *Pipkin*.

*Pip.* O *Hugh*, I am mad, beare with me, I cannot chuse, O death, O mistris, O death.

*Hugh.* Death quotha, he hath almost made me dead with beating.

*Enter Reason, old Arthur, and old Lufam.*

*Iust.* I wonder why the knaue my man stayes thus.  
And comes not backe: see where the villaine loiters.

*Enter Pipkin.*

*Pip.* O M. *Iusticc*, M. *Arthur*, M. *Lufam*, wonder not why I thus blow and bluster, my mistris is dead, dead is my mistris and therefore hang your selues, O my mistris my mistris.

*Old Ar.* My sonnes wife dead?

*Old Lu.* My daughter?

*Enter Young Arthur mourning.*

*Iust.* Mistris *Arthur*, here comes her husband.

*Yon. Ar.* O here the wofull husband comes aliuē,

No husband now, the wight that did vphold

The name of husband, is now quite o're throwne,

And I am left a haplesse widower.

*Old Ar.* Faine would I speake if griefe would suffer me.

*Old Lu.* As M. *Arthur* saies so say I,  
If griefe would let me, I would weeping die,

H

To

*A pleasant conceited Comedy,*

To be thus happles in my aged yeares,  
O I would speake, but my words melt to teares.

*Ton. Ar.* Go in, go in and view the sweetest coarſe  
That ere was laid upon a mournefull roome,  
You cannot ſpeake for weeping ſorrowes doome,  
Bad newes are riſe, good tidings, ſeldome come.

*Enter Anſelme.*

*Anſ.* What franticke humor doth thus haunt my ſence,  
Striving to breed deſtruction in my ſpirit?  
When I would ſleepe the gholt of my ſweet loue  
Appeares vnto me in an Angels ſhape:  
When I am wake, my fantaſie preſents,  
As in a glaſſe, the ſhadow of my loue:  
When I would ſpeake, her name intrudes it ſelfe  
Into the perfect ecchoes of my ſpeech:  
And though my thoughts beget ſome other word,  
Yet will my tongue ſpeake nothing but her name.  
If I do meditate it is on her,  
If dreame on her, or diſcourſe on her,  
I thinke her gholt doth haunt me as in times  
Of former darkneſſe, old wiſetales report.

*Enter Fuller.*

Heere comes my bitter Genius, whoſe aduice  
Directs me ſtill in all my actions,  
How now from whence come you?

*Full.* Faith from the ſtreet, in which, as I paſ'd by,  
I met the modeſt miſtris *Arthurs* coarſe,  
And after, as mourners, firſt her husband,  
Next *Iuſtice Reaſon*, then old *Maſter Arthur*,  
Old *M. Luſam*, and young *Luſam* too,  
With many other kinſfolke, neighbours, friends,  
And others that lament her funerall:

Her



*how to choose a good Wife from a bad.*

Her body is by this laid in the vaulte,

*Ans.* And in that vault my body I will lay,  
I prethee leaue me, thither is my way.

*Ful.* I am sure you iest, you meane not as you say,

*Ans.* No, no, ile but goe to the church and pray.

*Ful.* Nay then we shall be troubled with your humor,

*Ans.* As euer thou didst loue me, or as euer

Thou didst delight in my society,

By all the rights of friendship and of loue,

Let me intreate thy absence but one houre,

And at the howers end I will come to thee,

*Ful.* Nay, if you will be foolish, and past reason,

Ile wash my hands like *Pilate* from thy folly,

And suffer thee in these extremities.

*Exit.*

*Ans.* Now it is night, and the bright lamps of Heauen

Are halfe burnt out: now bright *Adelbora*,

Welcomes the chearfull day star to the East,

And harmeles stillnes hath possess'd the world.

This is the church thus hollow is the vault,

Where the dead body of my saint remains,

And this the coffin that inshrines her body,

For her bright soule is now in Paradise

My comming is with no intent of sinne,

O to defile the body of the dead,

But rather take my last farewell of her,

Or languishing, and dying by her side,

My airy soule stoit after hers to heauen,

First, with the latest kisse I seald my loue,

Her lips are warme and I am much deceiud,

If that she stir not, O this *Golgotha*

This place of dead mens bones is terrible,

Presenting fearefull apparitions.

*Mistrie Arthur in the Tombe.*

It is some spirit that in the coffin lies,

H 2

And



*A pleasant conceited Comedy,*

And makes my heart start vp on end with feare,  
Come to thy selfe faint heart, she sits vpright,  
O I would hide me, but I know not where,  
Tush if it be a spirit, tis a good spirit,  
For with her body liuing, ill she knew not,  
And with her body dead, ill cannor meddle,

*Mis. Ar.* Who am I? or where am I?

*Ans.* O shee speakes, and by her language now I know  
she liues.

*Mis. Ar.* O who can tell me where I am become.  
For in this darkenesse I haue lost my selfe,  
I am not dead, for I haue sence and life,  
How come I then in this coffin buried?

*Ans.* Anselme behold she liues, and Destiny  
Hath trained thee hither to redeeme her life:

*Mis. Ar.* Liue any mongst these dead? none but my selfe

*Ans.* O yes, a man whose heart till now was dead,  
Liues and suruiues at your returne to life:  
Nay start not, I am Anselme, one who long  
Hath doted on your faire perfection,  
And louing you more then became me well,  
Was hither sent by some strange prouidence,  
To bring you from these hollow vaults below,  
To be a liuer in the world againe.

*Mis. Ar.* I vnderstand you, and thanke the heauens,  
That sent you to reuiue me from this feare,  
And I embrace my safety with good will.

*Enter Aminidab with two or three boyes.*

*Ami.* *Mane citus lectum fuge, mollem discute somnum,*  
*Templa petas supplex & venerare Deum.* (pray  
Shake of thy sleepe, get vp betimes, go to the church and  
And neuer feare, God will thee heare, and keepe thee all  
Good counsell, boyes obserue it, marke it well. (the day.  
This early rising this *diluculo,*

*how to choose a good wife from a bad.*

Isgood both for your bodies your mindes.  
Tis not yet day, giue me my Tinder-box,  
Meane time vnloose your fatchels, and your bookes,  
Draw, draw, and take you to your lessons boyes.

1. Boy. O Lord master whats that in the white sheete?

Ami. In the White sheete my boy, *Dic vbi*, Where?  
Boy. *vide* master, *vide illic* there.

Ami. O *Domine, domine*, keepe vs from euill,  
A charme from flesh, the world and the diuell.

*Exentering*

Mi. Ar. O tel me not my husband was ingrate,  
Or that he did attempt to poyson me,  
Or that he laide me heare, and I was dead,  
These are no meanes to win my loue.

Ans. Sweet mistris bequeath you to the earth,  
You promis'd him to be his wife till death,  
And you haue kept your promise; but now since  
The worlde, your husband, and your friends suppose  
That you are dead, graunt me but one request,  
And I will sweare neuer to sollicite more  
Your sacred thoughts to my dishonest loue.

Mis. Ar. So your demand may be no prejudice  
To my chaste name, no wrong vnto my husband,  
No such that may concerne my wedlocke breach,  
I yeeld vnto it but to passe the bands of modesty and cha-  
First will I bequeath my selfe againe (stirry  
Vnto this graue, and neuer part from hence,  
Then taint my soule with blacke impurity.

Ans. Take here my hand and faithfull heart to gage,  
That I will neuer tempt you more to sinne:  
This my request is, since your husband doates  
Vpon a lewd lasciuious curtezan,  
Since he hath broke the bandes of your chaste bed,  
And like a murderer sent you to your graue;  
Do but goe with me to my mothers house,  
There shall you liue in secret for a space,

*A pleasant conceited Comedy,*

Onely to see the end of such lewd lust,  
And know the difference of chaste wifes bed,  
And one whose life is in all loosenesse led.

*Mi. Ar.* Your mother is a vertuous Matron held,  
Her counsell, conference and company.  
May much an aile me, there a space ile stay,  
Vpon condition as you said before,  
You neuer will moue your vnchaste sute more.

*Ans.* My faith is pawn'd, O neuer had chaste wife,  
A husband of so lewd and vnchaste life.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Mary, Brabo and Splay,*

*Bra,* Mistris I long haue serued you, euer since  
These bristled haire vpon my graue-like chin,  
Were all vnborne, when first I came to you,  
This infant fethers of these rauens wings,  
Were not once begun.

*Splay.* No, indeed they were not.

*Bra.* Now in my two mancharoes for a need,  
Wanting a rope, I could well hang my selfe,  
I prethee mistris for all my long seruice,  
For all the loue that I haue borne thee long,  
Doe me this fauour now to marry me.

*Enter young Arthur.*

*Ma.* Marry come vp you block-head, you great asse,  
What wouldst thou haue me marry with a diuell?  
But peace no more, here comes the feely foole  
That we so long haue set our lime twigs for,  
Begon and leaue me to intangle him.

*Yon. Ar.* What mistris *Mary*?

*Ma.* O good M. *Arthur*, where haue you beenne this  
weeke, this month, this yeare?

This yeare said I, where haue you beene this age,

*Vato*

*how to choofe a good Wife from a bad.*

Vnto the louer, euery minute seemes time out of mind.  
How should I thinke you loue me  
That can indure to stay so long from me?

*Ton. Ar.* In faith sweet heart I saw thee yester night,

*Ma.* I, true, you did, but since you saw me not,  
At twelue a clocke you parted from my house,  
And tis morning and new stricken seauen:  
Seauen howres thou staidst from me, why didst thou so?  
They are my seauen yeares prentiship of woe.

*Ton. Ar.* I prethee be patient, I haue some occasion  
That did inforce me from thee yester night.

*Ma.* I you are soone inforc'd, foole that I am,  
To dote on one that naught respecteth me.  
But tis my fortune, I am borne to beare it,  
And euery one shall haue his destiny.

*Ton. Ar.* Nay, weepe not wench, thou woundest me  
with thy teares.

*Ma.* I am a foole and so thou makes me too,  
These teares were better kept, then spent in wast  
On one that neuer tenders them nor me,  
What remedy, but if I chance to die,  
Or to miscarry with that I goe withall,  
Ile take my death that thou art cause thereof.  
You told me, that when your wife was dead  
You would forsake all other, and take me.

*Ton. Ar.* I told thee so, and I will keepe my word  
And for that end I came thus carely to thee,  
I haue procur'd a licence, and this night  
We will be married in a lawlesse church.

*Ma.* These newes reuiue me, and doe some what ease  
The thought that was gotten to my hart.  
But shall it be to night?

*Ton. Ar.* I wench, to night,  
A seainight and od dayes since my wife died,  
Is past already. and her timeles death,  
Is but nine dayes talke, come goe with me,

And

*A pleasant conceited Comedy,*

And it sha'l be dispatch presently.

*Ma.* Nay, then I see thou louest me, and I find,  
By this last motion, thou art growne more kind.

*Ton Ar.* My loue and kindnesse like my age shall grow  
And with the time increase, and thou shalt see,  
The oulder I grow, the kinder I will be.

*Ma.* I, so I hope it will, but as for mine,  
That with my age shall day by day decline,  
Come shall we goe?

*Ton. Ar.* With thee to the worlds end,  
Whose beauty most admire, and all commend.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Anselme and Fuller.*

*Anf.* Tis true, as I relate the circumstance,  
And she is with my mother safe at home,  
But yet for all the hate I can alleage  
Against her husband, nor for the loue,  
That on my owne part I can vige, her too,  
Will she be wonne to gratifie my loue.

*Full.* All things are full of ambiguity,  
And I admire this wonderous accident,  
But *Anselme Arthur's* about a new wife, a *bonaraba*  
How will shee take it when she beares this newes?

*Anf.* I thinke euen as a vertuous matron should,  
It may be that report may from thy mouth  
Beget some pittie from her flinty heart,  
And I will vige her with it presently,

*Full.* Vnlesse report be false, they are linct already,  
They are as fast as words can tie them: I will tell thee  
How I by chance did meete him the last night.  
And said to me, this *Arthur* did intend  
To haue a wife, and presently to marry:  
Amidst the street, I met him as my friend:  
And to his loue a present he did carry,  
It was some ring, some stomacher or toy,

*how to choofe a good wife from a bad*

I fpaie to him and bad God giue him ioy :  
God giue me ioy quoth he, of what I pray :  
Marry quoth I, your wedding that is toward,  
Tis faile quoth he, and would haue gone a way,  
Come, come, quoth I, fo neare it, and fo foward,  
I vrgde him hard by our familiar loues,  
Pray'd him withall, not to forger my gloues,  
Then he began; your kindnelle hath beene great,  
Your curtelie great, and your loue not common,  
Yet fo much fauour pray let me intreat  
To be excufde from knowing any woman,  
I knew the wench that is become his bride,  
And fimilde to thinke how deeply he hath lide.  
For firft he fwore, he did not court a maide,  
A wife he could not, she was elfe-where tride:  
Ar das for fuch as widdowes were, he faide,  
And deeply fwore none, fuch fhould be his bride,  
Widdow, nor wife, nor maid, I afke no more,  
Knowing he was betrothed to a whore.

*Enter Miftris Arthur,*

*Ans.* It is not miftris *Mary* you meane,  
She that did dine with vs at *Arthurs* houfe?

*Ful.* The fame, the fame, here comes the Gentlewoman,  
Oh miftris *Arthur*, I am of your counfell,  
Welcome from death to life.

*Ans.* Miftris, this Gentleman hath newes to tell you.  
And as you like of it fo thinke of me.

*Ful.* Your husband hath already got a wife,  
A hulſing laſſe yfaith, whoſe ruſſing filkes  
Make with their motion, muſicke vnto loue,  
And you are quite forgotten.

*Ans.* I haue ſworne to moue this vnchaſt demand  
no more.

*Ful.* When doth your colour change?

I

When

*A pleasant conceited Comedy,*

when doth your eyes sparkle with fire to reuenge these wronges?

when doth your tongue breake into rage and wrath  
Against that scum of man-hood, your vile husband  
He first misus'd you.

*Ans.* And yet can you loue him?

*Ful.* He left your chaste bed to defile the bed  
Of sacred marriage with a Curtezan.

*Ans.* Yet can you loue him?

*Ful.* And not content with this,  
Abus'd your honest name with flaundersous wordes,  
And fill'd your husht house with vnquietnes,

*Ans.* and can you loue him?

*Ful.* Nay did he not with his rude fingers  
dash you on the face.

And double die your corall lips with blood,  
Hath he not torne those gold wiars from your head  
Wherewith *Apollo* would haue strung his harpe,  
And keepe them to play musicke to the Gods?  
Hath he not beat you and with his rude fists,  
vpon that crimson temperature of your cheekes,  
Laid a lead colour with his boistrous blowes?

*Ans.* And can you loue him yet?

*Ful.* Then did he not  
Either by poyson or some other plot  
Send you to death, where by his prouidence,  
God hath preferu'd you by wondrous miracle?  
Nay after death hath he not scandaliz'd,  
Your place with an immodest curtezan.

*Ans.* And can you loue him yet?

*Mi. Ar.* And yet, and yet, and still and euer whilst  
I breath this ayre:

Nay after death, my substantiall soule  
Like a good angell shall attend on him,  
And keepe him from all harme.  
But is he married? much good doe his heart,

Pray



*how to choofe a good Wife from a bad.*

Pray God ſhe may content him better far,  
Then I haue done: long may they liue in peace,  
Till I diſturbe their ſolace; but becauſe  
I feare ſome miſchiefe doth hang o're his head,  
He weepe mine eyes drie, with my preſent care,  
And for their healths make hoarſe my tongue with prayer

*Exit.*

*Ful.* Art ſure ſhe is a woman? if ſhe be  
She is create of natures purity.

*Anſ.* O yes, I too well know ſhe is a woman,  
Henceforth my vertue ſhall my loue withſtand,  
And on my ſtriving thoughts get the vpper hand.

*Ful.* then thus reſolu'd, I ſtraight will drinke to thee  
A health thus deepe to drowne thy melancholy.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Mary, young Arthur, Brabo, and Splay.*

*Ma.* Not haue my will, yes I will haue my will,  
Shall I not goe abroad, but when you pleaſe?  
*Can* I not now and then meete with my friends,  
But at my comming home you will controll me?  
Marry come vp.

*Tom. Ar.* Where art thou patience?  
Nay rather where's become my former ſpleene?  
I had a wife would not haue viſd me ſo.

*Ma.* Why thou lacke ſauce, you Cuckold, you what not,  
What am I not of age ſufficient  
To go and come when my pleaſure ſerues,  
But muſt I haue you ſir to queſtion me?  
Not haue my will? yes I will haue my will.

*Tom. Ar.* I had a wife would not haue viſd me ſo,  
But ſhe is dead.

*Bra.* Not haue her will, ſir ſhe ſhall haue her will  
She ſayes ſhe will and ſir I ſay ſhe ſhall:  
Not haue her will, that were a ieſt indeed.  
Who ſayes ſhe ſhall not, if I be diſpoſd,

*A pleasant conceited Comedy.*

To man her forth, who shall finde fault with it?  
Whats he that dares say backe her eye?  
Though you be married fir, yet you must know  
That she was borne to haue her will.

*Splay.* Not haue her will Gods passion, I say still,  
A womans no body that wants her will.

*Yon. Ar.* where is my spirit, what, shall I maintaine  
A strumpet, with a *Brabo* and her bawde,  
To beare me out of my authority?  
What am I from a master made a slaue?

*Ma.* A slaue? nay worse doest thou maintaine my man  
And this maide? Tis I maintaine both.  
I am thy wife I will not be drest so  
While thy gold lasts, but then most willingly  
I will bequeath thee to star beggary.  
I do already hate thee, do thy worst,  
Nay touch me if thou dar'st, what shall he beat me?

*Bra.* He make him seeke his fingers amongst the dogs,  
That dare to touch my mistris, neuer feare,  
My sword shall smooth the wrinkles of his browes,  
That bend a frowne vpon my mistris.

*Yong. Ar.* I had a wife would not haue vsd me so,  
But God is iust.

*Mary,* Now *Arthur*, if I knew  
What in this world would most torment thy soule,  
That would I do: would all my euill vsage  
Could make thee straight dispaire and hang thy selfe.  
Now I remember where is *Arthurs* man  
*Pipkin*, that slaue, go turne him out of doores,  
None that loues *Arthur* shall haue house-roume here.

*Enter Pipkin,*

Yonder he comes *Brabo* discharge the fellow.

*Yong Ar.* Shall I be ouer-mastred in my owne?  
Be my selfe *Arthur*, *strumpet* he shall stay.

*Mary*

*how to choose a good wife from a bad.*

*Ma.* What shall he Brabo, shall he mistress Splay?

*Br.* Shall he? he shall not: breathes there any living  
Dares say he shall, when Brabo saies he shall not?

*Tom. Ar.* Is there any law for this? she is my wife,  
Should I complaine, I should be rather mockt:  
I am content, keepe by thee whom thou list.  
Discharge whom thou thinkst good, do what thou wilt,  
Rise, go to bed, stay at home go a broad  
At thy good pleasure, keepe all companies:  
So that for all this, I may haue but peace.  
Be vnto me as I was to my wife,  
Onely giue me what I denied her then,  
A little loue and some small quietnesse,  
If he displease thee turne him out of doores.

*Pip.* Who me? turne me out of doores? is this all the wa-  
ges I shall haue at the yeares end, to be turnd out of doores  
you mistress, you are a:

*Splay.* A what? speake a what? touch her, and touch me,  
taint her and taint me, speake, speake, a what?

*Pip.* Ma ry a woman that is kin to the frost.

*Splay.* How do you meane that?

*Pip.* And you are kin to the Latine word, to vnderstand

*Splay.* And whats that?

*Pip. Subandi, Subandi:* and sir, do you not vse to pinke  
dublets?

*Splay.* And why?

*Pip.* I tooke you for a cutter, you are of great kinred;  
you are a common couzener, euery body calles you cousin:  
besides they say you are a very good warrener, you haue  
bin an old Cony-catcher: but if I be turned a begging, as I  
know not what I am borne too, and that you euer come to  
the said trade, as nothing is vnpossible, ile set all the com-  
mon-wealth of beggers on your backe, and all the congre-  
gation of vermin shall be put to your keeping, and then if  
you bee not more bitten then all the company of beggers  
besides, ile not haue my will: zownes turn'd out of doores,

*A pleasant conceited Comedy,*

ile go set vp my trade, a dish to drinke in, and I haue with-  
in a wallet, & that ile make of an old shirt, then my speech,  
for the Lords sake, I beseech your worship sir, then I must  
haue a lame legge, ile goe to the foote-ball, and breake my  
shinnes, and I am provided for that.

*Bra.* What standsthe villaine prating, hence you slave,  
*Exit.*

*Yon. Ar.* Art thou yet please?

*Ma.* When I haue had my humor.

*To. Ar.* Good friends for manners sake a while with-draw

*Bra.* It is our pleasure sir to stand a side.

*To. Ar.* *Mary*, what cause hadst thou to vse me thus  
From nothing I haue raise thee to much wealth,  
T was more then I did owe thee, many a pound,  
Nay many a hundred pound I spent one thee  
In my wifet time: and once but by my meanes,  
Thou hadst beene in much danger: but in all things  
My purse and credite euer bare thee out.  
I did not owe thee this, I had a wife  
That would haue laid her teife beneath my feete  
To doe me seruice, her I set at nought  
For the entire affection I bare thee.  
To shew that I haue loued thee, haue I not,  
Above all women made chiefe choyce of thee?  
An argument sufficient of my loue,  
What reason then hast thou to wrong me thus?

*Ma.* it is my humor.

*To. Ar.* O but such humors honest wives should purge,  
He shew thee a farre greater instance yet,  
Of the true loue that I haue borne to thee,  
Thou knewst my other wife, was she not faire?

*Ma.* So, so.

*To. Ar.* But more then faire, was she not vertuous,  
Indued with the beauty of the mind?

*Ma.* Faith, so they said.

*To. Ar.* Harke in thine care, ile trust thee with my life,  
Then

*how to choofe a good Wife from a bad.*

Then which what greater instance of my loue:

Thou knewst how fodaynly she died,

To enioy thy loue, euen then I poysoned her.

*Ma.* How poysoned her? accursed murtherer,

He ring this fatall larum in all eares,

Then which, what greater instance of my hate.

*Yon. Ar.* Wilt thou not keepe my counsell? (her.

*Ma.* Villaine no: thou'lt poyson me as thou hast poysond

*To. Ar.* Dost thou rewaerd me thus for all my loue?

Then *Arthur* flie, and seeke to saue thy life,

O difference twixt a chaste and vnchaste wife. *Exit*

*Ma.* Pursue the murtherer, apprehend him straight.

*Bra.* Why whats the matter mistris.

*Ma.* This villaine *Arthur*, poysoned his first wife,

Which he in secret hath confest to me:

O fetch a warrant from the iustice

To attach the murtherer, he once hang'd and dead,

His wealth is mine pursue the slaue thats fled.

*Bra.* Mistris, I will, he shall not passe this land,

But I will bring him bound with this strong hand.

*Exeunt*

*Enter mistris Arthur.*

*Mi. Ar.* O what are the vaine pleasures of the world,

That in their actions we affect them so;

Had I beene borne a seruant, my low life

Had steady stood from all these miseries.

The wauiing reedes stand free from enery gust,

When the tall Oakes are rent vp by the roots.

What is vaine beauty, but an idle breath?

Why are we proud of that which so soone changes?

But rather with the beauty of the mind

Which neither time can alter, sicknesse change,

Violence deface, nor the blacke hand of enuy

Smudge and disgrace, or spoile, or make deform'd

O had my riotous husband borne this minde,

*He*

*A pleasant conceited Comedy,*

He had bin happy, I had bin more blest,  
And peace had brought our quiet soules to rest.

*Enter young Arthur poorely.*

*Yon. Ar.* O whether shall I flie to saue my life,  
When murder and dispaire doggs at my heeles,  
O misery, thou neuer foundest a friend,  
All friends forsake men in aduersity,  
My brother hath denide to succour me,  
Vpbraiding me with name of murderer,  
My Vnkles double bar their dores against me,  
My father hath denide to shelter me,  
And curst me worse then *Adam* did vile *Eue*,  
I that within these two dayes had more frends,  
Then I could number with Arithmeticke,  
Haue now no more then one poore cypher is,  
And that poore cypher I supply my selfe,  
All that durst commit my fortunes to,  
I haue tried and found none to relieue my wants,  
My sodaine flight, and feare of further shame,  
Left me vn furnisht of all necessaries,  
And these three dayes I haue not tasted food.

*Mis. Ar.* It is my husband, O how iust is heauen,  
Poorely disguised and almost hunger starude,  
How comes this change?

*Yo. Ar.* Doth no man follow me,  
O how suspitious guilty murder is,  
I starue for hunger and I dye for thirst,  
Had I a kingdome, I would sell my Crowne  
For a small bit of bread: I shame to begge,  
And yet perforce I must, beg, or sterue.  
This house belongs to some gentle-woman,  
And her's a woman, I will beg of her:  
Good mistress looke vpon a poore mans wants:  
Whom doe I see? Tush *Arthur*, she is dead,

But

*how to choose a good Wife from a bad.*

But that I saw her dead and buried,  
I would haue sworne it had bene *Arthurs* wife ;  
But I will leaue her, shame forbids me beg,  
On one so much resembles her.

*Mi. Ar.* Come hither fellow, wherefore dost thou turne  
Thy guilty lookes and blushing face aside?  
It seemes thou hast not bene brought vp to this.

*Ton. Ar.* You say true mistris: then for charity,  
And for her sake whom you resemble most,  
Pitty my present want and misery.

*Mi. Ar.* It seemes thou hast bene in some better plight  
Sit downe I prethee, men though they be poore,  
Should not be scorn'd, to ease thy hunger, first,  
Eate these conserues, and now I prethee tell me  
What thou hast bene thy fortunes, thy state,  
And what she was that I resemble most

*Ton. Ar.* First looke that no man see or ouer heare vs,  
I thinke that shape was borne to do me good.

*Mi. Ar.* Hast thou knowne one that doth resemble me,

*Ton. Ar.* Mistris, I cannot chuse but weepe  
To call to minde the fortunes of her youth.

*Mi. Ar.* Of what estate or birth was she?

*Ton. Ar.* Borne of good parents and as well brought vp,  
Most faire but not so faire as vertuous,  
Happy in all things but her marriage,  
Had ioyous husband, which I weepe to thinke,  
By his lewd life made them both miscary.

*Mi. Ar.* Why dost thou grieue at their aduersities?

*Ton. Ar.* O blame me not that man my kinsman was,  
Nearer to me a kins-man could not be:  
As neerer as was that chaste woman too  
Nearer was neuer husband to his wife:  
He whom I tearm'd my friend, no friend of mine,  
Proving both mine and his owne enemy,  
Poysoned his wife, O the time he did so,  
Ioyed at her death, inhumaine slaue to doe so,



*A pleasant conceited Comedy.*

Exchang'd her loue for a base strumpets lust,  
Foule wretch, accursed villaine, to exchange so

*Mi. Ar.* You are wise, and blest, and happy to repent so,  
But what became of him and his new wife:

*Yong Ar.* O heare the iustice of the highest heauen,  
This strumpet in reward of all his loue,  
Pursues him for the death of his first wife,  
And now the wofull husbaud languisheth,  
Hes vpon perfuld by her firce hate,  
And now to late he doth repent his sinne,  
Redy to perish in his owne dispaire,  
Hauing no meanes but death to rid his care.

*Mr. Ar.* I can endure no more but I must weepe,  
My blabbing teares cannot my counsell keepe.

*Ton. Ar.* why weepe you Mistris, if you had the hart  
Of her whome you resemble in your face:  
But she is dead and for her death,  
The sponge of either eie,  
Shall weepe red teares till euery veine is dry.

*Mis. Ar.* Why weepe you friend, your raynie drops keepe,  
Repentance wipes away the drops of sinne.  
Yet tell me friend, he did exceeding ill,  
A wife that lou'd and honourd him, to kill.  
Yet say one like her, far more chaste then faire,  
Bids him be of good comfort, not dispaire.  
Her soules appeas'd with his repentant teares,  
Wishing he may suruiue her many yeares,  
Faine would I giue him money to supply  
His present wants, but fearing he should fly,  
And getting ouer to some forren shore,  
These rainy eyes should neuer see him more.  
My heart is full, I can no longer stay,  
But what I am my loue must needes bewray.  
Farewell good fellow, and take this to spend,  
Say one like her commends her to your friend

*Exit.*

*Ton. Ar.* No friend of mine I was my owne soules foe

To

*how to choose a good Wife from a bad.*

To murder my chaste wife that loued me so,  
In life she loued me dearer than her life,  
What husband here but would wish such a wife,  
Here the officers with hu and cry,  
She sau'd my life but now, and now I die,  
And welcome death, I will not stir from hence,  
Death I deserued, ile die for this offence.

*Enter Brabo with Officers Splay, and Hugh.*

*Bra.* Here is the murtherer, and *Reasons* man.  
You haue the warrant: Sirs lay hands on him,  
Attach the slaue and lead him bound to death.

*Hugh,* No by my faith *M. Brabo*, you haue the better  
heart, at least you should haue, I am sure you haue more  
iron and Steele then I haue, doe you lay hands vpon him, I  
promise you I dare not,

*Bra.* Constables forward, forward officers,  
I will not thrust my finger in the fire,  
Lay hands on him I say step you backe?  
I meane to be the hinmost least that any  
Should runne away, and leaue the rest in perrill:  
Stand forward, are you not a shamde to feare?

*Yon. Ar.* Nay neuer striue behold I yeeld my selfe,  
I must commend your resolution.  
That beeing so many and so weapon'd,  
Dare not aduenture on a man vnarmed:  
Now lead me to what prison you thinke best:  
Yet vse me well I am a Gentleman,

*Hugh.* Truly *M. Arthur*, wee will vse you as well as  
heart can thinke: the Iustices sit to day, and my *Master* is  
chiefe, you shall command me:

*Bra.* What hath he yeelded if he had with-stood vs  
This Curte-lax of mine had cleft his head,  
Resist he durst not when once he spied me,  
Come lead him hence, how likest thou this sweet witch?

*A pleasant conceited Comedy,*

This fellowes death will make your mistris rich.

*Spay.* I say I care not who s dead or aliue,  
So by their liues or dead we two may thriue.

*Hugh.* Come, beare him away.

*Enter Iustice Reason Old Arthur, Old Lusam.*

*Iust.* Old *M. Arthur*, and *M. Lusam*, so is it that I haue  
heard both your complaints, but vnderstood neither, for  
you know, *Legere, & non intelligere, negligere est.*

*Old Ar.* I come for fauour as a father should  
Pittyng the fall and ruine of his sonne.

*Old Lu.* I come for iustice as a father should,  
That hath by violent murther lost his daughter,

*Iust.* You come for fauour and you come for iustice,  
Iustice with fauour is not partiall,  
And vsing that I hope to please you both.

*Old Ar.* Good *M. Iustice* thinke vpon my sonne,

*Old Lu.* Good *M. Iustice* thinke vpon my daughter,

*Iust.* Why so I doe, I thinke vpon them both,  
But can do neither of you good,  
For he that liues must die, and she thats dead  
Cannot be reuiued.

*Old Ar. Lusam*, thou seekst to rob me of my sonne my  
onely sonne.

*Old Lu.* He robd me of my daughter my only daughter.

*Iust.* and robbers are flat feilons by the law,

*Old Ar. Lusam*, I say thou art a blood-sucker,  
A tyrant a remorselesse Canyball:

Old as I am ile proue it on thy bones.

*Old Lu.* Am I a blood-sucker or a Caniball?  
Am I a Tyrant that doe thirst for blood?

*Old Ar.* I, if thou seekst the ruine of my sonne,  
Thou art a tyrant and a blood-sucker.

*Old Lu.* I, if I seeke the ruine of thy sonne I am indeed.

*Old Ar.* Nay, more thou art a dotard:

And

*how to choofe a good Wife from a bad.*

And in the right of my accursed sonne,  
I challenge thee the field, meete mee I say  
To morrow morning besides *Iſlington*,  
And bring thy sword and buckler if thou dar'ſt.

*Old Lu.* Meete thee with my sword and buckler,  
There's my gloue.  
He meet thee to reuenge my daughters death.  
Cal'ſt thou me dotard? Though theſe threſcore yeares  
I neuer handled weapon but a knife  
To cut my meat, yet will I meet thee there.  
Gods precious call me dotard?

*Old Ar.* I haue cauſe,  
Juſt cauſe to call thee dotard haue I not?  
*Old Lu.* Nay that's another matter, haue you cauſe?  
Then God forbid that I ſhould take exceptions,  
To be cald dotard of one that hath cauſe.

*Inſt.* My maſters, you muſt leaue this quarrelling, for  
quarrellers are neuer at peace, and men of peace, while  
they are at quiet, are neuer quarreling: ſo you while you  
fall into brawles, you cannot chuſe but iarre. Here comes  
your Son accuſed, and his wife the accuſer: ſtand forth both  
*Hugh* be ready with your pen and inke to take their exa-  
minations and confeſſions.

*Enter Mary, Splay, Brabo, young Arthur, Hugh  
and Officers.*

*Ton. Ar.* It ſhall not neede, I do confeſſe the deed,  
Of which this woman here accuſeth me:  
I poiſoned my firſt wife, and for that deed,  
I yeeld me to the mercy of the law.

*Old Lu.* Villaine thou meanſt my onely daughter,  
And in her death depriv'ſt me of all ioyes.

*Ton. Ar.* I meane her, I do confeſſe the deeде,  
And though my body taſt the force of law,  
Like an offender, on my knee I beg,

*A pleasant conceited Comedy,*

Your angry soule will pardon me her death.

*Old Lu.* Nay if he kneeling do confesse the deed,  
No reason but I should forgive her death.

*Iust.* But so the law must not be satisfide,  
Blood must haue blood, and men must haue death,  
I thinke that cannot be dispenced withall.

*Ma.* If all the world would forgive the deed,  
Yet would I earnestly pursue the law.

*Ion Ar.* I had a wife would not haue vsde me so,  
The wealth of *Europe* could not hire her tongue,  
To be offenseiue to my patient cares,  
But in exchanging her, I did preferre  
A Diuel before a Saint, night before a day,  
Hell before Heauen, and drosse before tried Gold,  
Neuer was bargain with such damage sold.

*Bra.* If you want witnesse to confirme the deed  
I heard him speake it, and that to his face,  
Before this presence I will iustifie  
Will not part hence till I see him swing,

*Splay,* I heard him too, pittie but he should die,  
And like a murtlerer be sent to hell,  
To poyson her, and make her belly swell,

*Ma.* Why stay you then, giue iudgement on the slaue,  
Whose shamelesse life deserues a shamefull graue.

*Ion. Ar.* Deaths bitter pangs are not so full of grieffe,  
As this vnkindnesse euery word thou speak'st,  
Is a sharpe dagger thrust quite through my heart,  
As little I deserue this at thy hands,  
As my kind pacient wife deserude of me,  
I was her torment God hath made thee mine,  
Then therefore as iust plagues should I repine?

*Iust.* Where didst thou buy this poyson? for such drugs  
Are felony for any man to sell.

*Ion. Ar.* I had the poyson of *Aminadab*,  
But innocent man he was not accessary  
To my wifes death, I cleare him of the deed.

*Iust.*

*how to choofe a good Wife from a bad.*

*Iust.* No matter fetch him fetch him, bring him  
To answer to this matter at the barre.

*Hugh,* take these officers and apprehend him.

*Bra.* Ile aide him too, the Schoole-maister I see,  
Perhaps may hang with him for company,

*Enter Anselme and Fuller.*

*Anf.* This is the day of *Arthurs* examination,  
And triall of the murther of his wife,  
Lets heare how *Iustice Reason* will proceed  
In sentencing of his strict punishment.

*Full.* *Anselme* content, lets thrust in among the throng.

*Enter Aminadab brought in with Officers.*

*Ami.* O *Domine*, what meane these knaues  
To lead me thus with billes and glaues?  
O what example would it be,  
To all my pupils for to see,  
To tread there steps all after me:  
If for some fault I hanged be,  
Some-what sure I shall marre,  
If you bring me to the barre,  
But peace, betake thee to thy wits,  
For yonder *Iustice Reason* sits.

*Iust.* Sir Dad, sir Dad, heere's one accuseth you  
To giue him poyson being jil imployed,  
Speake how in this case you can cleare your selfe.

*Ami.* Hei mihi, What should I say; he poyson giuen I deny,  
he tooke it perforce from my hands, and *Domine* why  
not? I.

Got it of a Gentleman, he most freely gaue it,  
Aske, he knew me, my meanes was only to haue it.

*Yon. Ar.* Tis true, I tooke it from this man perforce,  
And snacht it from his hand by rude constraint,

Which

*A pleasant conceited Comedy,*

Which proues him in this act not culpable,  
*Iust.* I but who told the poyson vnto him?  
That must belikewise knowne, speake Schoole-maister,

*Ami.* A man *verbosus*, that was a fine *generosus*,  
He was a great guller, his name I take it to be *Fuller*,  
See where he stands that vnto my hands conueyed a  
powder.

And like a knaue sent her to her graue, obscurely to  
shrowde her.

*Iust.* Lay hands on him, are you a poyson seller?  
Bring him before vs, sirra, what say you,  
Sold you a poyson to this honest man?

*Ful.* I sold no po, son, but I gaue him one  
to kill his rats.

*Iust.* Ha, ha, I smell a rat,  
You sold him poyson then to kill his rats?  
The word to kill argues a murthous mind,  
And you are brought in compasse of the murther,  
Sofet him by, we will not heare him speake,  
That *Arthur, Fuller*, and the Schoole-master,  
Shall by the Iudges be examined.

*Ans.* Sir if my friend may not speake for himselfe,  
Yet let me his proceedings iustifie.

*Iust.* Whats he that will a murderer iustifie?  
Lay hands on him, lay hands on him I say,  
For iustificers are all accessaries,  
And accessaries haue deseru'd to die.  
A way with him we will not heare him speake,  
They all shall to the high Commissioners.

*Enter misstru Arthur.*

*Mi Ar.* Nay stay them, stay them yet a little while,  
I bring a warrant to the contrary,  
And I will pleake all parties presently.

*Ton. Ar.* I thinke my wiues ghost haunts me to the death  
Wretch



*how to choose a good wife from a bad*

Wretch that I was, to shorten her liues breath.

*Old Ar.* Whom doe I see my sonnes wife?

*Old Lu.* What my daughter?

*Iust.* Is it not mistris *Arthur* that we see,

That long since buried we suppos'd to be?

*Mis. Ar.* This man is condemn'd for Poysoning of his  
His poysoned wife yet liues, and I am she; (wife,

And iustly therefore I release his bands:

This man for suffering him these drugs to take,

Is like wife bound, release him for my sake:

This Gentleman that first the poyson gaue,

And this his friend to be releas'd I craue.

Murther there can not be, where none is kild,

Her blood is sa'd whome you sppos'd was spild.

Father in law, I giue you heere your sonne,

The acts to do, which you suppos'd was done.

And father, now ioy in your daughters life;

Whom heauen hath still kept to be *Arthurs* wife.

*Old Ar.* O welcome, welcome daughter, now I see,  
God by his power hath preserved thee.

*Old Lu.* And tis my wench, whom I suppos'd was dead,  
My ioy reuiues, and my sad woe is fled.

*Yong Ar.* I know not what I am, nor where I am,

My soules transported to an extasie,

For hope and ioy confound my memory.

*Ma.* What do I see *Arthurs* wife againe?

Nay, then I labour for his death in vaine.

*Bra* What secret force did in nature lurke,  
That in her soule the poyson would not worke.

*Splay.* How can it be the poyson tooke no force,  
She liues with that which would haue kild a horse.

*Mi. Ar.* Nay shun me not, be not asham'd at all.

To heauen not me for grace and pardon call.

Looke on me *Arthur*, blush not at my wrongs,

*Yon. Ar.* Still feare and hope my griefe and woe prolongs.

But tell me by what power thou didst suruiue?

With

*A Pleasant conceited Comedy,*

With my owne hands I temper'd that vile draught,  
That sent thee breathles to thy Grandfathers graue,  
If that were poyson I receiue of him.

*Ami.* That *ego nescio*, but this dram,  
Receiued I of this Gentleman,  
The colour of it was to kill my rats,  
But t'was my owne life to dispatch.

*Ful.* It is euen so, then this ambitious doubt,  
No man can better then my selfe decide,  
That compound powder was of poppie made and Man-  
Of purpose to cast one into a sleepe, (drakes  
To ease the deadly paine of him whose leg (iter.  
Should be sawd off, that powder gaue I to the Schoole-ma-

*Ami.* And that same powder, euen that *idem*  
You tooke from me the same *per fidem*.

*Yon. Ar.* and the same powder, I commixt with wine,  
Our Godly knot of wealocke to vnknit,

*Old Ar.* But daughter, who did take thee from the graue?

*Old Lu.* Discourse daughter.

*Ans.* Nay that labour saue :

Pardon M. *Arthur.* I will now  
Confesse the former frailty of my loue.  
Your modest wife with words I temptred off,  
But neuer ill I could report of you,  
Nor any good could forge of my selfe,  
Would win her to attend to my request,  
Nay, after death I loude her in so much  
That to the vault where she was buried,  
My constant loue did lead me in the darke,  
Thereready to haue tane my last farewell,  
The parting kisse I gaue her, I felt warme.  
Briefly, I bare her to my mothers house,  
Where she hath since liu'd the most chaste and true,  
That since the worlds creation eye did veiue.

*Yon. Ar.* My first wife stand you here, my second there,  
And in the midst my selfe : He that will chuse

*how to choofe a good wife from a bad.*

A good wife from a bad come learue of me  
That hath tried both, in wealth and misery.  
A good wife will be care full of her fame.  
Her husbands credite and her one good name,  
And such art thou, a bad wife will respect,  
Her pride, her lust, and her one name neglect,  
And such art thou; a good wife will be still  
Industrious, apt to do her husbands will.  
But a bad wife, crosse, spightfull, and madding  
Neuer keepe home, but alwayes begadding,  
And such art thou; a good wife will conceale.  
Her husbands dangers, and nothing reueale,  
That may procure him harme and such art thou.  
But a bad wife corrupts chaste wedlocks vow,  
On this hand vertue, on this hand sin,  
This who strue to loose or this to win?  
Here liues perpetual ioy, here burning woe.  
Now husbands choofe on which hand you will goe:  
Seeke vertuous wiues, all husbands will be blest,  
Faire wiues are good, but vertuous wiues are best:  
They that my fortunes will peruse, shall find,  
No beauties like the beauty of the minde.

*no with: but full of Truth*



FINIS.

